

AMERICA

PRINCIPLES FOR PEACE: ROME IS OPTIMISTIC

Harold C. Gardiner

CONTROL OF WAR PROFITS

Benjamin L. Masse

RENEWAL PRELUDES ACTION

S. Ernest Wiley

DEMOCRACY LACKS TONGUES

Charles L. Crangle

ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS

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A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOLUME LXIX

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THEY BEGAN IN 1909

In response to our inquiry about the original subscribers to AMERICA, we have received answers from the following faithful and respected friends:

"Am very happy to state that I have subscribed to AMERICA from the first copy until today, and have always enjoyed reading it. Wishing AMERICA continued success for years to come . . ."

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BEGINNERS OF 1943

There are thousands of American Catholics, alert, up-to-date, zealous, who are not reading AMERICA every week. Do you know them? Will you send us their names and addresses? We are assembling lists of prospective and potential subscribers to AMERICA, and we request you, our friend subscribers, to tell us who does not, but should, subscribe to AMERICA. Send us names, more names, and still more names and addresses, please.

THE AMERICA PRESS

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Associate Editors: HAROLD C. GARDINER,

BENJAMIN L. MASSE, W. EUGENE SHIELS, CHARLES KEENAN.

Contributing Editors:

WILFRID PARSONS, WILLIAM A. DONAGHY.

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AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

JULY 24, 1943

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WHO'S WHO

HAROLD C. GARDINER recommends to pessimists—and the rest of the human race—the recently published *Principles for Peace*, in which five Popes chart the road to enduring world amity. Father Gardiner is Literary Editor of AMERICA, and inaugurator of the Peace-Plan Shelf. . . . "You'll never get rich . . ." ran a soldier's song in the last war. BENJAMIN L. MASSE, of the AMERICA Staff, tots up the industrial ledger of the present war to see whether business men may now sing the same line. . . . REV. S. ERNEST WILEY, Ph.D., proposes an examination of conscience by which Catholics may test their sincerity and their contribution to the spiritual apostolate necessary to realize the plans outlined in *Principles for Peace*. Father Wiley is Superintendent of Schools for the Diocese of Nashville, and Secretary of the Southern Association of Private Schools. . . . Another contribution toward future world friendliness is furnished by ROBERT C. HARTNETT, graduate student of politics and sociology at Fordham and a guest Editor of AMERICA for the summer, who studied in England for the four years before 1939. . . . And CHARLES L. CRANGLE, Professor of English at Saint Anselm's College, Manchester, N. H., offers a much-needed suggestion for mutual understanding as regards the non-English-speaking peoples. . . . SISTER ANNA ROBERTA, C.S.J., teaches Latin and French at St. Peter's Academy, Saratoga, N. Y. Her remarks on the sound of language are an apologia for being oneself. . . . DONALD G. GWYNN glooms about what the picture magazines are going to do to our looks.

COMMENT ON THE WEEK

Mr. Roosevelt Acts. On the domestic front, the week came to a close with an explosion in Washington. In a sweeping move designed to unify foreign economic policies during wartime, the President created the Office of Economic Warfare and reposed in it the responsibilities of the Board of Economic Warfare, which he abolished, and all the foreign economic activities of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. To administer the new agency he selected Leo T. Crowley, head of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, and Alien Property Custodian. From now on, subject only to War Mobilization Director Byrnes and the State Department, Mr. Crowley will conduct our economic warfare on the critical foreign front. This development came as a climax to the long-smouldering feud between Vice President Wallace and Secretary of Commerce Jesse Jones—in which, incidentally, the State Department was not a disinterested spectator—which burst into flame two weeks ago to the consternation of the public. In a sharply-worded letter, announced simultaneously with the order establishing the OEOW, the President castigated his cabinet members for their “unfortunate controversy and acrimonious public debate,” and refused at this time to settle the issue between them. He took the occasion, also, to warn agency heads that henceforth any public controversy would be matter for instant dismissal. From every point of view, the President’s handling of this unfortunate situation promises to assist the conduct of the war. Our foreign economic policies have been unified; a capable official has been chosen to direct them; and there is hope that we have seen the last of those inter-agency quarrels which so lower the nation’s morale.

Interference in France? General Giraud’s visit has again roused the snipers who are always on tip-toe eagerness to take pot shots at the State Department’s handling of delicate situations. The Darlan affair had them wringing their hands; Spain causes them anguish; now they are demanding that de Gaulle be invited to visit this country, too; otherwise the Administration is obviously taking sides and hence interfering in French internal affairs. It may be, of course, that official Washington does prefer Giraud to de Gaulle; and there have undoubtedly been conversations about the political reconstruction of France—how could they be avoided? But the President’s statement that Giraud is here primarily on a military mission is, on face value and obviously, true. Hence, Giraud is the man with whom our Government should deal. In his Bastille Day remarks to French leaders here, the General stressed that the arming of French forces is his great and immediate concern, for he envisions a France freed by French troops under the

French (not a partisan) tricolor. If his American visit speeds that happy homecoming, the Administration will indeed not have been interfering in France’s internal affairs, but simply taking the practical, military steps toward freeing France to chart her own destiny. We are loath to see the fine hand of Machiavelli jiggling the marionettes, in view of the Administration’s repeated declarations that France’s destiny is her own to plan.

Princeton Peace Planners. Among the many church statements on the reconstruction of world order, high place must be given to the manifesto issued by the International Conference of Christian Leaders held at Princeton, July 8-11. The Conference was convened by the Federal Council’s Commission to Study the Bases of a Just and Durable Peace, so its ten-point statement may be considered to bear the *imprimatur* of that Commission. Those who have feared that the Commission’s “Six Pillars” are too flimsy and too few to support the towering temple of peace should be reassured by this fuller and more forthright formula. It contains among its stronger propositions a call for the drastic reduction of armaments, condemnation of isolationism and of power politics, and a demand for immediate international collaboration through conferences modeled on the Food Conference to deal with other specific world problems. Especially noteworthy is its appeal for the sacrifice of national advantage in the interest of the common good of the world community and its demand that the moral law be recognized as applying to nations as well as to individuals. It is surprising that the statement takes no notice of the nation-wide debate over the measures necessary to guarantee collective security against aggression by bandit States. The same might be said of the equally pressing question of the practical recognition of the dignity and rights of the worker throughout the world. Despite these omissions, the Princeton platform remains one of the most valuable Protestant contributions to the swelling and remarkably harmonious chorus of demands by leaders of all religious groups that God and His law must be written in to the forthcoming peace.

For Office Workers. What with the low moral state of society today, a Catholic magazine can scarcely avoid giving, however inadvertently and contrary to its intent, some little comfort to the devil. A few months ago, we had occasion to mention in our columns the United Office and Professional Workers of America, C.I.O. The free advertising came about in this way. Desirous of exposing anti-labor propaganda, which attempts to create the impression that unions are composed of unwilling, defenseless workers herded together and tyrannized over

by goon squads and grasping czars, we instanced the result of an election among white-collar employees of the Prudential Insurance Company. These workers, under no compulsion whatsoever, chose the U.O.P.W.A. as their bargaining agent. We selected this example because white-collar workers are supposed, rightly or wrongly, to be more intelligent than the men in overalls. We said not a single word in favor of the U.O.P.W.A. Nevertheless, a widely-disseminated publication of this union plastered our editorial on its cover, with the source prominently displayed; and that issue was used as bait in an organizing campaign aimed at Catholics. We regret that some office workers may have been deceived. We completely disapprove of the present Leftist leadership of the U.O.P.W.A. We suggest that white-collar workers form independent unions until such time as the U.O.P.W.A. forsakes the "party line."

The White Minority. On July 4 the University of Chicago Round-Table discussed "Race-Tensions." The transcript with its illustrations makes you think twice. In the population of the world on continents predominantly white there live 765,000,000 people. On continents predominantly non-white there live 1,134,000,000. This war is teaching us to think more and more in terms of one world. If we apply global concepts to the predominance of races, we shall have to speak of the white minority. This concept will give balance to our judgments about non-white minority groups at home. We tend to sympathize with them as numerically inferior to pale-faces, whereas globally the pale-faces take a back seat. It will do our souls good to view mankind in proper perspective. We should find it easier to deal with all men as equals.

Those Million Falangists. Allan Chase writes a very bewildering book about the Spanish influence in Latin America in his *Falange: The Axis Secret Army in the Americas*. Part of the interest derives from his photographs of documents, part from what he did with his documents. He finds 1,000,000 Falangists in South America. To them he appends the Mexican Sinarquistas—and they total over 600,000. He finds the remainder elsewhere, and round numbers never need be defined accurately. This inclusion of Sinarquistas among his Spanish agents stamps him as rather uncritical in assertion. And we have it on the authority of an *authority*, Arthur P. Whitaker, that in May of 1941 there were only 8,000 Falangists in all Spanish America. To give complete credibility to his exposé, Chase says that Japs in Cuba, working with Falangist support, were making notes on the currents in the Gulf Stream, notes that later permitted Nazi submarines to move effectively in our waters. This is too much. Perhaps some Japanese wights did busy themselves in such a task. But the United States Coast Guard—not to speak of other Services—has for years circulated most perfect maps containing just that data, and the Japs did not need to go to Cuba to get it. Perhaps Mr. Chase counted too many Falangists.

Higher Prices for Oil? On June 25, Secretary of Navy Knox told two House Committees that the nation faced a serious shortage of crude oil. Expert estimates, he explained, placed known reserves, i.e. oil under the ground which can be tapped, at 20,000,000,000 barrels. Since we are now producing and consuming 4,000,000 barrels a day, we shall, if this rate is continued, exhaust our reserves in about fourteen years. Secretary of Interior Ickes, as Petroleum Administrator for War, joined Mr. Knox in creating alarm among the people. Backed by the oil men whom he has gathered together in the Petroleum Reserves Division to study the reserve problem, Mr. Ickes stated that the discovery of new petroleum fields is "our greatest and most important problem." Whereupon he asked Prentiss Brown, head of OPA, to raise the ceiling price on crude oil and petroleum products, arguing that only in this way could wildcatters be encouraged to drill more wells. But Mr. Brown, who in this matter depends on Sumner Pike, practical oil man of long experience, said nothing doing. Justifying this stand, Mr. Pike explained that "the oil business is making very comfortable profits." "I don't see," he continued, "that an increase in price will solve the problem. Of course, they're all gloomy about the reserve situation. You've got to be gloomy if you're trying to get higher prices." Now all this adds up to a pretty kettle of fish. We suggest that the Truman Committee have a look at it.

Patriotism and Potatoes. Yes, we have more potatoes. The Government announces that delayed Southern crops are now coming in. They are perishable. Patriotism demands that we pitch in and eat potatoes instead of other forms of carbohydrates. In early May we were consoled in our own potatolessness to learn that even in Dublin, the potato capital of potato-growing, potato-eating Eire, the natives were queuing up to buy their favorite food. Now we are out in front ourselves with "spuds" galore. Every loyal American will dismiss fears of new bulges in chin, tummy and hips to eat more of the food we have on hand for the next few weeks, the "common tater."

Democratic Babies. More babies were born in England and Wales in the first three months of this year than in any quarter in the past seventeen years. The birth rate reached 16.8 per thousand of population. In the early thirties it had sunk to 14.0 per thousand. But even the present high figure is too low for replacement of the population. The British are waking up to their declining birthrate. Last September Major Randolph Churchill came out for subsidies to parents of third and fourth children, as a measure of national self-preservation. Herbert Morrison, who is looming larger and larger in the ranks of the Labor Party, declared last February that British families had to raise twenty-five per cent more children to keep up the level of population. The Prime Minister himself for the first time took notice of Britain's greatest threat in his speech of March 21. "One of the most somber anxieties which beset those who look thirty

or forty or fifty years ahead," he declared, "is a dwindling birth rate. If this country is to keep its high place in the leadership of the world and to survive as a great power that can hold its own against external pressure, our people must be encouraged by every means to have larger families." These observations point the way to the type of public policy democracies urgently need. A nation is a going concern only if it has the ability and the will to reproduce itself. You cannot have democracies without democratic babies.

Stretching the Doctors. There are 180,000 physicians in the United States. By the end of 1943 about 100,000 of them will be in the armed forces, leaving but 80,000 to care for the civilians at home. The withdrawals have been uneven, so that some communities today lack the minimum of medical care consonant with public health. Attempts have been made by the Procurement and Assignment Service of the War Manpower Commission to level out recruitments in order to keep an equitable spread of doctors throughout the country. According to a self-appointed committee of 800 eminent practitioners and professors of medicine, headed by Dr. Channing Frothingham of Boston, the shortage of doctors in some localities has nevertheless become acute. They propose Federal action, perhaps in the form of military commissions granted to physicians through the United States Public Health Service. Physicians so commissioned could then be relocated by the Public Health Service without interference in the form of conflicting requirements by State boards. The fees paid to such officers would not go to them but to a fund for expanding medical services in these neglected communities. As a war measure proposed by physicians themselves, this plan deserves serious study. In the estimate of its proponents it would involve only 4,000 physicians. The committee is anxious to keep the system under civilian control.

Woman's Place. An English woman member of Parliament, now on a mission to Canada, recently addressed the National Council of Women in that country. She said she was afraid that after the war the splendid work that women had done would be forgotten and they would be expected to return to their kitchens. Well, perhaps not precisely to their kitchens, but we certainly do think they ought to be proud to return to their homes. Simultaneously, one of our comic-feature syndicates announces the debut of (God save the mark!) Superwoman. She won't spend much time in the kitchen, you may be sure. She will be busy righting the world, and we shudder to think about the kind of home Superchild will come whisking back to, on his cloak of invisibility, from the interstellar spaces. No, Superwoman is an abnormality, and so are womanless kitchens. Give us a normal mother in a normal American kitchen, making abnormally good pies and cookies—that picture is enduring. In all the chatter about the equality of women, one thing seems always overlooked. The question ought to be: are we the equals of our mothers?

UNDERSCORINGS

FOREIGN Minister Antonescu of Rumania was received in solemn audience by His Holiness Pius XII on July 2. His journey to Rome was solely for the purpose of visiting the Holy Father, and he remained incognito while in Italian territory.

► A Dutch Nazi newspaper, *Storm*, declared that the workers who, last May, revolted against decrees ordering former members of the Netherlands army to register, were mainly Catholics inspired by the pastoral letters of the Bishops. The paper urged execution for the Bishops who spoke out so clearly in the matter of human rights.

► In the Philippines, the Japanese authorities are removing all foreign missionaries from their local religious work. In China they are re-interning all foreign missionaries who, since Pearl Harbor, had enjoyed some freedom for their ministry.

► Justice Loranger, of the Superior Court of Montreal, declared in a marriage suit that in Quebec marriages may be dissolved only by the death of one of the parties. Quebec law recognizes marriage as both a civil and a religious contract.

► An N.C.W.C. *News Service* headline reads: "Scores of Priests Continue to Swell Corps of Chaplains."

► "I don't think he left the front line once," says a soldier's letter from Tunisia, referring to the Chaplain of the Irish Guards. "He was an inspiration to everyone during the last stages of the fighting," the soldier adds. "He was right in the thick of it, tending the wounded under heavy shell fire."

► Pan-Americanism in practice was illustrated at the National Shrine of the Scapular in New York, July 16, when eleven Consuls General of South America attended a service over which Most Reverend Hilary M. Doswald, Father General of the Carmelites, presided. Our Lady of Mount Carmel is patroness of some South American countries; she is held in high honor in all of them. The Consul General of Ireland was also present, as were some city officials of New York.

► By a special decree, President Getulio Vargas of Brazil has granted a plot of land for the building of the Catholic University of Rio de Janeiro. Five Redemptorist Fathers left last week for missionary work in the Minaos region of Brazil. They will lay the foundation for Redemptorist mission activities along the Amazon river.

► The Most Rev. Edmund F. Gibbons, Bishop of Albany, addressed to all the pastors of his diocese an appeal for women without dependents to fill the places in war industries vacated by men called into the armed forces. "Women with small children," he said, "should not engage in this work. . . . Such women can lend more aid to the country's war effort by caring for their families and promoting the interests of that fundamental society of any nation, the family."

► In a gracefully worded tribute, the *Christian Leader*, Universalist journal of Boston, said: "The religious faith of Catholics, the genuine faith that lies back of their creeds and their forms, is a vital and beautiful faith."

THE NATION AT WAR

AN Allied invasion of Sicily started at dawn on July 10. American and British armies were brought over from North Africa in the greatest invasion fleet ever seen.

The British 8th Army, the same which had fought in Egypt and then in Tunisia, landed on the east side of the southeast tip of Sicily. Meeting but little opposition, by the 12th it had arrived at the ancient city of Siracusa.

A Canadian force, part of the 8th Army, landed on the west side on the same southeast tip. Its function has been to protect the rear of the British moving north along the east coast of Sicily.

The American 7th Army, at the same time as the others, landed on the south side of Sicily, near its center, at Licata and Gela. The latter town is Terranova, on some maps. Not much opposition was met here either.

The main forces of the Axis were not on the coast. They expected the invasion but, not knowing which beaches the invaders would land on, stayed in the center of the island until they found out. It was not until the 12th that the enemy's main force began to come in contact with the invaders.

Now that the main bodies are coming closer to each other, decisive battles are to be expected. The Allies have the advantage of being able to ferry more troops over from Africa if they need them. The Axis, not having control of the sea, can only bring in limited forces and supplies by air and by barge. It has accumulated considerable supplies in Sicily, and may not need much more just now.

So far the Allied invasion has been a triumph of preparation and organization. The dispatching, sea voyage and debarkation of a force requiring 2,000 transports was a huge affair. It seems to have gone over most smoothly, to the credit of the generals in charge.

On July 5, the Germans commenced a major attack in Russia, both to the north and to the south of Kursk. This is a city at the center of an important industrial and agricultural area, which projects into the German lines as a salient, eighty miles deep. Going around the salient is 280 miles. Cutting across the base would be only 160 miles. If the Germans can secure the Kursk salient, besides capturing valuable territory and whatever is in it, it would shorten their line by 120 miles. After this had been fortified, some twenty German divisions could be released to go west to meet invasions.

Provided Kursk can be taken without too great a loss of life and materiel, it would be to the advantage of the Germans to do it.

After a week's hard fighting, neither side has given a clear account of the results. The Germans have made substantial progress on the south side, but little, if any, on the north. At the date of writing, the battle is continuing with great ferocity. Each side is daily replacing its exhausted troops with fresh ones. Whichever side can continue this longer will be the winner.

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

WASHINGTON FRONT

ONLY a guard of helmeted soldiers and a few idling doorkeepers remained in the long, gray shadows of Capitol Hill last week. Recess had come at last, and lawmakers were off to their voters.

Yet it was only partly true to say Congress had recessed. Congressional investigating committees, virtually grown to the estate of a fourth branch of government, were still bludgeoning to right and left against what they saw as official bungling.

A Senate War Investigating Committee was upbraiding Curtiss-Wright for alleged faulty plane production, and was preparing to inquire into United States military aviation facilities abroad. A House committee, challenged by President Roosevelt himself, sought to dissect the Federal Communications Commission. A world tour of military establishments was another investigating committee goal. And the Dies Committee still fingered the trigger of its blunderbuss.

Congressional investigating committees go back a long way and, seeming to combine some of the functions of executive, legislative and judicial branches, they have been potent factors in the national scene. Many an administrator walks softly because of their big stick.

Congressional investigations have placed numerous pieces of significant legislation on United States statute books. They have uncovered shameful abuses needing correction. Some have been slanted, too, to satisfy a committee chairman's prejudice, and have brushed aside all tenets of civil liberty in their treatment of witnesses.

The Pujo investigation of banking and finance which brought the elder J. P. Morgan to Washington thirty years ago was one of the first big ones. The Teapot Dome scandal of the Harding Administration, which the late Senator Tom Walsh of Montana helped rip apart, was a page one sensation which shocked the country. In the intervening years there have been many—the stock-market delvings of Ferdinand Pecora, the Nye committee's burrowing into affairs of the munitions makers, the La Follette committee's investigation into civil-liberties violations, the searching and voluminous study of the American economic system by TNEC—Senator O'Mahoney's Temporary National Economic Committee.

So often these investigations reflect the temperament and ability of their chairmen. Thus both Senator O'Mahoney's TNEC inquiry and Senator LaFollette's civil-liberties study, while differing widely in subject matter, were fair, well reasoned and well-organized attempts to get at the facts. Some other committees have been the opposite.

That special investigating committees have taken on such importance reflects, in part, the gap between legislature and executive. Also, it is Congress' attempt to keep a check on the workings of administrative law, as distinct from its own legislation, in the many quasi-judicial Federal agencies. Cabinet members, unlike British Ministers, do not have to account directly to Congress. And so Congress asserts itself in investigations. CHARLES LUCEY

PAPAL OPTIMISM BUOYS HOPES FOR NEW ORDER

HAROLD C. GARDINER

A WAR-SONG to sweep the country is still wanting after two years of the greatest national effort this nation has ever made. Despite home-front bickerings, there is no doubt that we are a nation united in our will to win; there is no doubt that this cause we are fighting for is the most just, the most inspiring that has ever blessed our battle-flags.

Despite that, we have no marching song to lift our hearts and set the pulses racing. I think we shall not get a song like that this war, and I think the reason is the temper of the people, vastly different from what it was in the last war. Then, if memory serves me right and the passing years have not made me nostalgic, we entered the war rather like a youngster trying out a new toy; there was a lot of wishful and starry-eyed enthusiasm. December 7, 1941, swept us into none of that; Rotterdam, Coventry, Poland were stark before our eyes. There would be, we knew, no playing at war this time; so we entered this chaos, not with a wild enthusiasm, but with a sober and rather disillusioned determination.

That was, perhaps, all to the good. We have grown up a lot since 1918 and our maturity augurs a thoroughness in doing the job. But part of that maturing had included a good dash of cynicism, and when Pearl Harbor blew up in our faces, together with the indignation and the iron resolve to set it right, there was a sense of disappointment—war was here again after twenty-five brief years, something had gone wrong, someone had failed us, we had been let down.

That disappointment will diminish as our victories on the fighting front multiply, particularly if they do so with a minimum of casualties. But the lessening of disappointment and cynicism on the actual winning of the war may not be accompanied by a corresponding diminished cynicism in regard to winning the peace. There are plans a-plenty brewing for the postwar world, but in not a few of them is discernible an undercurrent of hopelessness—what's the use? Any peace will only be another stop-gap. This somber view dictates, for example, the whole of an article in the New York Times Magazine Section for July 4. German officers, it fears, and many other Germans, are beyond redemption—and their mentality is sufficiently widespread to make us dread another World War in 1975 or so.

This cynical disillusionment may yet be but a small cloud on the horizon, but I fear that as we

draw closer to actual grips with the staggering problems of reconstruction, the impression will snowball that they are too much for us—let's be practical and admit there is nothing that can be done; wars have moved in for good.

Now, if there be anyone who might with reason take refuge in such pessimism, it is the Sovereign Pontiff. All Christian history lies before his eyes, in the accumulated wisdom of his 263 predecessors; all the contemporary world pours its bitter burden into his ears, through his Bishops and faithful, through diplomatic channels. If anyone knows the perverse hankering of men and nations for war and sin and error, it is the Holy Father.

But the Popes are the world's greatest optimists. Human nature (and States are but a congeries of human natures) is a tragically distorted thing and prone to evil, but it is not hopeless, either in the individual or in the mass. And so the Popes will not give up, precisely because Almighty God will not give up. If men can be saved for eternity, then, say the Popes, they can be saved for time.

This Christian optimism of the Vatican shines out strikingly in a recent book which will be looked back on, I feel, as one of the major steps taken in the United States toward winning the peace. This volume, projected under the most Rev. Samuel A. Stritch, Archbishop of Chicago, as chairman of the Bishops' Committee on the Pope's Peace Points, and edited for the Committee by the Rev. Harry C. Koenig, S.T.D., is a compilation of Papal documents which have a bearing on peace. It is the first time, in any language, that all such documents have been brought together and been made, through a marvelously comprehensive index, a ready tool for study and reference. Five Popes are quoted: Leo XIII, Pius X, Benedict XV, Pius XI and Pius XII. The title: *Principles for Peace*.

Even when the warnings from the Holy See have been ignored and the ills they sought to forestall have come to a horrid head, the Popes still do not throw up their hands. After the first acts of aggression by the Axis powers, Pius XII wrote confidently: "The international problems involved were by no means insoluble." Turn to the index under "Arbitration," and see with what hope the Popes speak of it; or read almost any one of the major documents and see how, as the introduction to the book remarks: "The heart of the Papal plan is a spirit of Christian cooperation." The Popes are the strongest champions in the world of the belief that

human nature, though by no means all sufficient unto itself, can, under God and with His Providence, solve its problems.

Nor does this soberly exhilarating optimism rest merely on a basis of general and vague principles. True, the timeless principles are there, in every line, for, as Archbishop Stritch remarks in his preface: "It is imperative that right principles be clearly understood and undeviatingly followed. . . . It is not realistic, but fanciful, to depart from ageless truth." And so, the majestic vision of the Church on the nature and dignity of man, on the claims of justice and charity, on all the great fundamental issues, glows in the formal language.

But there is, too, a constantly surprising freshness in the applications of these eternal truths to the concrete, current problems. The deportation of populaces for forced labor, bombing, poison gas, the state monopoly of youth, all the horrors of total war are here treated and solved, even by the earlier Popes who had never heard of a blitzkrieg or a dive bomber or a jeep; treated and solved precisely because the principles are insisted upon.

This is why, as the preface well says: "The writings of the Popes, in the light of events, now read like the language of prophecy." The Popes follow the great middle road of truth and principle and, when all the devagating isms, in their staggering and zig-zag careenings, happen to cut across a segment of that road, they are always mightily surprised to find that what they have just discovered in their "progress" is the same old highway the truth has been plodding along for centuries.

When Pius IX, in 1864, promulgated his Syllabus of modern errors, it was howled down by the Liberals of the day as a formal rejection of modern culture, as the Pope's declaration of war on the modern state. Today, those errors have borne a tragic and bitter fruit; how prophetic was the vision that saw the poisonous worm at the core eighty years ago!

We are rightly proud, as Americans, of the nobility of our Declaration of Independence, the Bill of Rights, the Gettysburg Address. As Catholics, we ought to have a deep pride in the higher nobility, the flaming Divine and human courage that lightning-flashes through such a document as Pius XI's *Mit Brennender Sorge*. These are classics of our Christian life; nowhere, in all the sweep and scope of human literature, has man been seen and realized and shown his true nobility, as he is in the Papal writings. Nowhere has evil, in whatever form, been so castigated and shown its true ugliness.

That does not mean that this golden book will be easy reading; no great book is. But if you will use the index and read topically, covering all, let us say, on nationalism consecutively, you will discover the continuity of spirit and purpose in the Papal pronouncements, the abiding optimism, the fearlessness and humanity; and your reading will take on a progressing character as you come down the glorious sixty-five years during which these five Pontiffs have called, all too much in vain, to a foundering, perverse, selfish, but still redeemable world.

It is impossible to read many of these documents without discovering that the Papal optimism is contagious. The realization grows on one that there are solutions to our present and future problems, and that the Popes, for the past sixty-five years, have laid unerring fingers on the sore spots and prescribed the remedies. This fact is realized far beyond the limits of the Catholic body. The first enunciation of the famous Five Points, four months after the outbreak of hostilities, has been succeeded by a wider and wider restatement constantly bulwarked by the marshaling of the principles that underlie the Points. Since that first outlining of the principles for peace, no major pronouncements on peace from any of the various church groups have departed appreciably from the lines the Pope laid down.

All this gives us, then, great and solid ground for sharing the Popes' optimism. Indeed, it is not being too sanguine to foster our optimism that the statesmen of the world will come to a speedy realization that they simply cannot afford to spurn this magnificently wise leadership, when they come at last to confer on the peace.

Pius XI in 1929 laid down the principles that will doubtless guide the Pope in regard to the Peace Conference:

The Holy See declares that it wishes to remain and will remain extraneous to all temporal disputes between nations, and to national conferences convoked for the settlement of such disputes, unless the contending parties make a joint appeal to its mission of peace; nevertheless, it reserves the right in every case to exercise its moral and spiritual power.

The Pope, then, will not sit at the conference table, unless specifically petitioned to do so as an arbiter of peace. He may never be so petitioned, but quite apart from his physical presence, there is good and growing reason for hoping that his influence will be there. It will stand a far better chance of influencing the peace if this present book could find its way into the hands of every statesman, of every Catholic in the country, for I think that public opinion is going to have a great deal to say in making this peace. If public opinion can be shaped along the lines of the Papal teaching on peace, there is a chance, not too outside a chance, that this peace will stick. At least we, as Catholics, cannot be wrong in imitating, in our thinking and talking about the peace, the optimism that radiates in the Popes' profound analyses.

We need that sane hopefulness. There is too much defeatism in Catholic circles. There is too much gloomy talk of "well, what can we possibly hope for from Russia? How can we talk the same peace language as China? It is impossible to come to terms with imperialistic nations." That frame of mind is a sort of mental birth-control of the family of nations—it prevents even the conception of a collaborating world.

The Popes, with a Divinely guided optimism, hold out hope; we must grasp that hope if we are not to sink beneath a cynicism five-fold more corroding than that of twenty-five years ago. "The task will be difficult, but it is not impossible and it *must* be done."

WAR PROFITS AND PROFITEERS

BENJAMIN L. MASSE

DURING a visit to Manhattan not many weeks ago, William Allen White, the famous editor and leading citizen of Emporia, Kansas, unburdened himself of a psychological observation which is not without pertinence for our times. Speaking of certain businessmen, he pointed out that in one very important respect they are afflicted with a kind of moral amnesia. In nine-tenths of their activities, they are fine fellows—faithful husbands, dutiful fathers, leaders in civic affairs, philanthropists and even pillars of the church—but the minute anything threatens their businesses, or they catch the scent of new profits, they forget the Ten Commandments, kick, gouge, hit below the belt and, in general, go ethically berserk.

What makes the phenomenon more interesting is the air of innocence with which they outrage the canons of decency, and their genuine indignation when anyone questions their lawlessness. "Whatever is good business," a leading American industrialist once solemnly announced, "is also good ethics." And there are numerous examples at hand to show how widely this jungle teaching has been accepted in the past by American business. Nor has the teaching by any means been universally repudiated today. While the ethical level of business is without doubt higher now than it used to be, there remains considerable room for improvement. In certain industries, an honest man still has to make compromises with his conscience in order to survive.

Now all this has a special pertinence today. We are once again at war, and it is precisely during wartime that the possibilities of profits most tempt businessmen to skirt the ragged edges of the law and turn ethical somersaults. The history of every war in which this nation has engaged, not excepting the Revolution itself, has been stained by the greed of profiteers. Will this one be like all the rest?

Many of my readers will remember the Congressional investigations into war loans and profits which followed World War I. When the sordid facts had all been revealed and it was seen what a large part greed for profits had played in that crusade for democracy, men agreed that if some way could be found to take the profit out of war, there would be no more war. In its neutrality legislation during the two decades between the war, Congress actually reflected this widespread persuasion. The same reasoning underlay the demands that next time wealth must be drafted as well as men.

As regards the present war, it is clear that American business interests had nothing to do with inciting it. Before the attack on Pearl Harbor many

of them even resisted Government exhortations to convert to war production and expand their capacity. There will be no Senate investigation after this war to establish a connection between Wall Street loans to belligerents and our participation in the struggle.

It is clear, too, that all the talk about drafting wealth and taking the profit out of war has gotten nowhere. Wealth has not been drafted, and there is not the remotest possibility that it will be. Even the relatively modest proposal to limit incomes during wartime to \$67,200 a year (\$25,000 net) was turned down flatly by Congress. It was widely stigmatized as Socialism! Neither has the profit been taken out of war and, once again, there is not the slightest chance that it will be. The only practical question today is: Are war profits abnormally high?

Some light on this question can be found in the June *Survey of Current Business*, publication of the U. S. Department of Commerce and the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. Tynan Smith and Robert Sherman, using figures compiled by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, contribute an illuminating account of "Recent Trends in Corporate Profits." While the authors are concerned solely with facts and not at all with their ethical implications, they furnish the raw material from which an ethical judgment can be fashioned. Perhaps it would be more correct in this difficult matter to speak of an *estimate* rather than a *judgment*, because general figures on income and profits, as will be clear later on in this article, do not furnish sufficient material for a strictly logical conclusion. Even the figures themselves are estimates. With this warning, let us see what kind of a story they tell. The following table deals with corporate net income before and after taxes. The figures are all in millions.

Year	Net Income before Federal Taxes	Federal Income Taxes	Net Income after Federal Taxes
1939.....	5,320	1,232	4,088
1940.....	7,390	2,543	4,847
1941.....	13,938	7,081	6,857
1942.....	18,784	11,900	6,884

If 1939 is taken as the last peacetime year, it will be seen at a glance that profits before taxes had by 1942 jumped astronomically from \$5,320,000,000 to almost \$19,000,000,000. On the other hand, corporate income and excess profits taxes more than kept pace with the inflated earnings. While earnings advanced 253 per cent, taxes were boosted 866 per cent. The result can be seen in the figures for net income. Although gross earnings in 1942 were up 253 per cent over 1939, net earnings advanced only 68 per cent. In 1939, the Federal Government took twenty-three cents of every dollar earned by corporations; in 1942, it appropriated sixty-three cents.

If only these figures are considered, it would appear that corporations are not profiting unduly from the war. They are making profits, very good profits, but not abnormally high profits. In a word, they are not profiteering.

But in striving to arrive at some conclusion in

this matter of war profits, overall figures on net income before and after taxes can be misleading. Several other facts must be considered, which can alter the picture radically.

Take the matter of executive salaries, for instance. Between 1939 and 1942, the salaries of many topflight officials were increased outrageously. Men who before the war had been worth \$40,000 or \$50,000 a year to their corporations, suddenly discovered that their services were worth \$70,000 or \$80,000 or \$100,000. And the personal income tax, heavy as it is, does not bite so deeply into earnings as the corporate income and excess profits taxes.

Then there is the labyrinthine question of costs, which enters so prominently into the computation of net profits before taxes. Under present law, a corporation is allowed to amortize plant expansion over a period of five years. On the annual report, one-fifth of the cost of new plant can be shown on the books as cost, and this procedure has the effect of reducing earnings on which taxes must be paid. Excusable on the ground of wartime necessity, the Government's liberal amortization policy will enable many corporations to come out of this war with plants vastly enhanced in value, at no cost to themselves.

Reserves are another item on corporate books which must be scrutinized before it is possible to pass judgment on war profits. Whether written down for depreciation or for "contingencies," reserves are deductible for tax purposes and, if made unduly large, they become another kind of disguised profits. There is much less chance, though, for chicanery here than there used to be, and most corporations are probably not abusing this privilege. Nevertheless, the temptation to pad these items remains strong, and no final judgment on war profits can be made until the reserves which corporations are salting away have been duly assessed.

There are a few other ways in which costs can be padded to disguise profits, e.g. advertising, but enough has been said to show that over-all figures on earnings present a very inadequate picture of corporate profits.

But these sources of hidden profits, which do not appear in tabulations of net earnings before and after taxes, must not be exaggerated. As a matter of fact, their effect has been partially nullified by a new Congressional scheme to keep war profits within bounds. In April, 1942, Congress passed a law giving to the Secretaries of War and Navy and the Chairman of the Maritime Commission the right to review war contracts, to rewrite them when necessary and to recapture excessive profits. The actual renegotiations are conducted by a price-adjustment board in each agency and, so far, these boards seem to have done an efficient job. By the end of March, cash refunds of \$583,175,000 had been made to the Army, Navy and Maritime Commission, and an additional \$1,427,252,000 was saved through price reductions on uncompleted contracts. And many more contracts remain to be reviewed.

It should be stated that renegotiation implies no

disgrace of any kind. When many of the war contracts were drawn up, neither the procurement services of the Army and the Navy nor the manufacturers had exact knowledge of what the costs would be. Weapons were ordered that had never been produced before, and in quantities that would have seemed fantastic four or five years ago. In many cases the costs proved to be far lower than the estimates—and the profits, through nobody's fault, far higher. Renegotiation is the Government's answer, and a fair answer, to this situation. For the good of the manufacturers themselves, it is to be hoped that all excessive profits are mopped up in this way. Otherwise American business cannot expect to escape Congressional investigation and the wrath of the people when this war is over.

Well, in view of all these data, are war profits excessive?

On the face of it, they are, but ultimately, when the full force of renegotiation has taken effect, they will not be. This seems to be the opinion of Maurice Karker, Chairman of the Army Price Adjustment Board. Recently he was quoted as saying that experience up to date indicates that twenty-three per cent of American industry has not been making excessive profits out of the war. Of the seventy-seven per cent who have been making too much money, the great majority are willing to return excessive profits and scale down prices. Only six per cent of all war contractors, he thinks, are out to get all they can while the getting is good.

There seems to be no good reason for challenging this estimate. The Truman Committee, Congressional watchdog over the war effort, has professed itself satisfied with the personnel of the renegotiation boards, and that lends authority to Mr. Karker's opinion. Certainly, compared with its record in the last war, American industry is today exercising commendable restraint.

But two current developments will bear watching. The first is the bold campaign being conducted by certain business groups to induce Congress to rescind the renegotiation law. Ostensibly these men are opposing renegotiation in order to preserve the "free-enterprise" system from the alleged "Socialism" of New Deal bureaucrats and the fantasies of professorial crackpots. In reality, they are exposing themselves to the charge that they are scheming to take advantage of the nation's agony. If this maneuver succeeds, Mr. Karker may wish to revise his judgment.

The second development is the sharp jump in corporate profits after taxes during the first quarter of 1943. They are up eighteen per cent over the first quarter of 1942. Some observers contend even now that millionaires are being made by this war. If this trend continues, their contention will certainly be true. When Congress returns to Washington and begins consideration of a new revenue bill, it might take a good look at that forty per-cent tax on corporate income. For the duration of the war, a further hike of ten or fifteen per cent will not endanger American enterprise. It might even help it to meet the postwar world with clean hands and a good conscience.

RENEWAL OF SPIRIT PRELUDE TO ACTION

S. ERNEST WILEY

WHETHER within a year or five years from now, this desperate war will end eventually in the military victory of the United Nations. And what then? The minds of men, weary of the terrible struggle, bitter against the conditions which promoted it, and desirous of a new order in which it may not be repeated, will be grasping, searching for Utopia, at the very same time that they react to the privations and restraints imposed by the fighting years.

It would be a naive but tragic mistake to trust in some magic formula, concocted by negotiations around a conference table, to cure the ills of the world and prepare the way for a solid, lasting peace. They are too deep to be reached by documents—concordats, treaties, pacts. And they will not be cured until health is brought to the minds and hearts of men. Nations cannot rise above the ideals or reach beyond the longings of their people.

The myriad scientific discoveries and inventions brought into being by the exigencies of war will be converted to civilian uses, producing a material advance of breath-taking speed and proportion. A state of rapid flux will introduce sweeping changes, producing in tomorrow's world conditions radically different, in many respects, from anything known before. Traditional economic and sociological principles will be coldly and heatedly scrutinized; and customs and attitudes of long standing must prove themselves to escape the scrap-heap.

And the minds of men in the midst of it, longing for betterment (whether real or specious), will be plastic, receptive of change.

Religion will be in the testing cauldron. The mere fact that a habit, custom or procedure has been in force for a generation, or a hundred years or more, will not of itself justify, in the popular mind, its necessary continuation. It may be discarded, or scrutinized and re-evaluated.

It is not hard to see that herein will lie a golden hope for the Church; but at the same time an epochal trial. What will be the outcome? It can produce an age of apostolic accomplishment; but likewise it can, measured against the wealth of opportunity, beget a period of relatively abysmal failure. There can be wise, progressive, vibrant action. There could be comparatively static passivity, or uncoordinated, perhaps feverish, but fretful and ineffective fussing over a host of inconsequential minutiae.

Can the fire be spread—the fervor of energy and zeal aroused? The traditional attitude of so many Catholics is essentially passive. When confronted with a question connected with the welfare or advance of his Faith, in normal circumstances the

mental reaction of such is: "God will provide." If aroused, he probably offers: "Someone ought to do something." And when frantic or afraid he complains: "Why hasn't anything been done?"

What is the explanation of this passive, unaggressive attitude? It is the outcome of a blend of attitudes, with dominance shifting from one to the other, but the ultimate result is the same.

There is first of all the modest, backward complex, apologetic and defensive. It avoids a display of religious conviction, sometimes even temporizes. It avoids a conversation that smacks of religion, declines to answer simple questions posed by those who sincerely seek to know. This attitude can so easily be cataloged as shame. In truth, it is fear and lack of courage.

Again there is the mental calm and security coming from certainty of Faith, which so often develops, through the perversity of human nature, into complacency, smugness, intolerance. The inherent conviction that one is in possession of the unassailable truth should awaken a desire to share that precious heritage with others. But human nature does not always respond that way. Frequently the only attempt to convince another is bound up with the desire to convince one's self. And security in possession too generally begets a disinterest in all without.

Further, there is the psychological virus, alarmingly widespread, which might perhaps be best labeled negative virtue. In cold reality there is no such thing as negative virtue; either it is vibrant and active, or it is no virtue. But a watered substitute for virtue which this name describes is rampant. It emphasizes the list of don'ts, may promote a scrupulous observance of them; but it disregards the positive. "Do no wrong," it prompts vehemently and stops. And human nature does not require much encouragement to supply the sequel. "Do no wrong—do nothing."

Finally, there is an attitude of self-belittling: "Leave that to others, better qualified." This frame of mind, like the above, is the offspring of lethargy, of spiritual laziness. Its inertia is built up and justified by a two-fold circumstance: the conviction of personal unpreparedness, and the unexpressed, often unrecognized, feeling of irresponsibility—of occupying an inferior, secondary place in the general scheme, and therefore in its activity. This attitude, with striking alacrity, shunts all responsibility for the welfare and advance of the Faith to the all-responsible clergy, and sinks contentedly to an acceptance of what is conceived as the lower, weaker, irresponsible plane in the scheme.

And the amalgam of these attitudes is our traditional passivity. But the apostolate belongs to all. Participation is the duty of each—the rich opportunity of each. All have a part in the lay apostolate, rather in the layman's part of Christ's apostolate. And its success in tomorrow's world will depend to a challenging degree upon the extent to which there is developed a vibrant, burning, driving consciousness of this tremendous fact. It is so easy to shun the responsibility, encourage a sort of spiritual stupor, and leave everything to others.

But that has no part of the zeal of the apostolate of Christ.

And the apostolate is a part of the Divine scheme. God planned in the fashioning of His world that men occupy the place of co-workers—even more than that, in a very true sense, co-creators. They are managers of the earthly creation—God's stewards. And the shirking of the responsibility of the lay apostolate is an evasion of the task incumbent upon the stewards of God's worldly possessions.

There is even a share in the priesthood. The faithful assist at Mass. They properly participate in the offering of the sublime Sacrifice. And they share, too, in a sense, in the teaching function. But how little is this ineffable position understood or appreciated! The most tenuous grasp of its significance could not but produce the active, ardent zeal for which it calls.

The objection quickly comes, of course, that this is all an impossible ideal—that it demands too much. But such an objection is likely an attempt to justify the shunning of responsibility. And it bespeaks cowardice, or laziness, or smug satisfaction with conditions as they are. There is no part of zeal in it.

Impossible? By no means! There are Catholics who do have such an activating zeal. And some non-Catholic denominations have it as a general characteristic. The members of such denominations, almost to a man, show an untiring energy, a spirit of heroic sacrifice, the expending of constant and frequently humiliating efforts, in and out of season. They have incompleteness of truth, half-truths, perhaps only falsity with which to work—for the spread of which to struggle. But they have a vibrant, militant zeal in their cause.

But how is the average Catholic to discharge his duties in the lay apostolate? The ways are manifold, flowing spontaneously from a zealous mental attitude. But consider only a few, by way of example. They are so simple that mention of them as a part of a comprehensive lay apostolate may bring something akin to shock. But consider them well, and as the obvious becomes apparent the shock will disappear.

First: How do you pray? From the standpoint of quality, and therefore of effectiveness, there are many kinds of prayer. Lip prayer may be purely rote and vocal mechanics. It is not the prayer of an apostle. Self-satisfying prayer is such as produces chiefly a complacent, deceiving sense of goodness—the prayer of the pharisee. But the humble, pleading, consuming prayer—the penance of Peter, the love of John, the energy of Paul—that is the prayer of the apostle. And there is no one who cannot and should not strive to make his prayers like that. It is the importunity from which God cannot turn his attention. It is childlike—apostolic.

Again: What is your spirit of charity, which means love? Are you consumed with a desire, a practical intent, to lend a hand to those whom you may be blessed with the opportunity to aid? And this goes so far beyond the bestowal of an alms or contribution. It engenders a driving desire to share with others that which is most precious to

oneself. It produces a constant alertness to grasp a chance to display the beauty of some truth of Faith, by way of defending that which is assailed, or of enlightening one who is receptive of the truth.

The discharge of this duty of charity may demand the preparation of study. Within the scope of capacity and opportunity, all have the obligation of informing themselves so as to render this help when the occasion arises. Nor should this fact be overlooked. The spirit of study is the source of qualification for leadership. When it finds a wider popularity among Catholics there will flow a more abundant and effective Catholic lay leadership. The world needs it sorely.

Finally: There is the immeasurable opportunity of example. The world's concept of Christian virtue is not the result of what it hears, but what it sees. The Catholic who shows them the Christian ideal is an apostle. He reaches a greater depth of conviction and inspiration than the most stirring preacher.

And how particularly true is this when applied to the ideals of home and family! If every Catholic home were the result of ardent, zealous, apostolic striving to produce the Christian ideal! The world would then be provided with an inspiration which would go far towards changing the attitudes of men. It is in such a home that the homely virtues flourish. And it is upon these virtues that the future of the world depends.

Ordinary things done extraordinarily well—that can be an apostolate. The fulfilment of one's part in the plans of Christ does not necessarily involve a reversal, a complete change-over in the accoutrements of life. It can mean simply approaching, with a new frame of mind, and with a zealous drive and energy, those things which have been theoretically understood and accepted as obligations.

There are unnumbered outlets for the zeal of the lay apostle. But even these, the ordinary things, have within themselves the potentialities for a sweeping conversion of the minds and hearts of men. It would be better, indeed, that many of the others be neglected than that they be allowed to interfere with these.

Prayer—ardent, confident prayer; charity—willing, zealous, comprehensive charity; and example—constant, conscious example, particularly in the ideals and atmosphere of home. These simple things, deeply appreciated by Catholics in general, can become the tools of a magnificent apostolate. And they draw their vitality from a zealous, responsible frame of mind.

What is to be the position of religion in tomorrow's world? What the lot of the Church? It could be a frantic, covert struggle to hold its own; and it could be the exerting of a vibrant, positive and far-reaching influence for the building of the new world of which we dream. There is no need to ask which will be needed in the fluid, shifting scene. And the answer will be recorded in large measure by the zeal displayed in the attitude towards those simple things—those ordinary things to be done extraordinarily well in the lay apostolate in the contemporary world.

CAN WE GET ALONG WITH THE BRITISH?

ROBERT C. HARTNETT

IF a person undertakes to discuss the topic of Anglo-American friendship, he is apt to be met with the query, "Are you an Anglophile?" The only proper rejoinder to that would be, "No, why—are you an Anglophobe?" These barks and growls having canceled out, the writer would like to suggest that we go back to the beginning and take a fling at discussing Anglo-American friendship. Epithets aside, the question is of no mean importance for today and tomorrow.

We have no way of knowing whether the press has revealed realistically the relations of our American troops based in Great Britain with the British people, both military and civilian. Hanson Baldwin of the *New York Times* tackled the topic in his honest and competent way and came up with a lot of divided answers. We had heard before of the ill feeling occasioned by our troops having more money to spend, better food to eat, more adequate clothing and housing and entertainment than British troops. Some jealousy is bound to arise when differentials in standards of living appear among fighting forces in a common war. On the other hand, American white troops are said to have taken offense at the social success of American Negro troops among a British population wherein inter-racial antagonisms have never taken root, especially among the poor. In general, Mr. Baldwin observes that the two armed forces, American and British, after an initial flurry of friendly exchanges, have settled down into a social pattern of keeping safe distances in off-duty hours. It is symptomatic that troops of one Army practically never salute officers of the other.

It does not require much experience of human situations to understand that the presence of our soldiers and airmen in Britain, living cheek by jowl with the British in *their* country, can more easily injure Anglo-American friendship than fortify it. We have it on good authority that as a matter of fact our airmen and the members of the R.A.F. have got along together very well. This eventuality is a credit to the officers on both sides, and can be explained partly by the undeniable circumstance that the members of the R.A.F. have done an admirable job of bombing and fighting off bombers. Americans who were not originally well disposed towards the British are good enough sports to admit that. Except for the African units, however, our boys have not stored up any reserves of admiration for the British ground forces. This

lack of predisposition in favor of the British allows the ordinary human emotions of our American troops to have free play.

To imagine that these ordinary human emotions all work in the direction of comradeship between the British and ourselves would be highly unrealistic. A lot of American soldiers understand the major issues of this war about as well as a lot of American civilians at home. They come from families in which jealousy, resentment, cynicism and hatred have been the stock-in-trade of their kin's emotional fixation towards the British. If they have been brought up on a more even keel in their political emotional attitudes, they will still discover in England that despite our common tongue we and the British are two distinct peoples.

A kindred language can in fact prove deceptive. It tends to conceal a whole host of decisive social differences. Young people in Britain may, as Miss Barbara Ward contends, have become radical in their outlook. To our way of looking at things, the British, however, seem set in their British ways. We like change and excitement, the more the merrier. They distrust change. They can find satisfaction in ways that seem to us singularly dull and monotonous. We tend to be friendly and communicative, while the British tend to seek refuge in reserve and silence. They are often shy where we are forward. One Englishman may differ notably from another, but compared to the differences between men which we are used to, the British all come out of the same mold.

The explanation of the oneness of the English people is historical. You have to go back as far as "1066 and all that" even to begin arguing about what racial strains went into the making of Britain. Contrast this historical experience with our own. You have only to read the casualty lists of our large cities—New York, Detroit, Chicago—to see how cosmopolitan our national make-up still is. A fairly large percentage of people in America still do not use English as their first language. It is, anyway, much simpler to unify an island than a continent.

But this is only the beginning. The British in their undemonstrative way are intensely patriotic. They love England passionately. No matter what we may think is wrong with England, they will defend her. It is only human. Among themselves they may tear the hide off their own Government. They may think the British Empire all tosh. But we can-

not expect them to listen to us saying so and remain unmoved. Americans are precisely the same in all this. We put no bounds to the abusive language we tolerate about our own institutions and political personages. But let a native of "Blighty" utter a syllable of the same tart talk and we rush to the defense of people for whom we have never in our lives had a good word to say. Perhaps dyed-in-the-wool capitalists or dyed-in-the-wool Communists can totally internationalize their emotions. But they are dehydrated. A smashing ivory-soap percentage of us will stick up for our country when it is criticized by a national of another. *And our soldiers are aliens based in the Britons' homeland.*

The response many people will make to the presentation of such undeniable facts is that we must "educate the troops to understand each other better." Education is no cure-all, but it will help. It should proceed on the bed-rock principle that however much Americans and Englishmen may differ in the more superficial accoutrements of social life, they have a set of deeper values in common. And perhaps many of the superficial differences can be resolved at deeper levels. But we should not belittle these differences.

If we want to understand why the British differ from us as much as they do, D. W. Brogan's *The English People* would prove suggestive reading. English education, so frequently laughed off with a quip about "the old school tie," is analyzed by Mr. Brogan from what will be for many of us an entirely new angle. He points out, first of all, that the English system of "public schools" underwent its great expansion in the middle Victorian period. It was not a hangover from the eighteenth century, but represented an adaptation to the new needs of the nineteenth. The role it played was in transforming the sons of parents of the middle class in the mental image of the sons of the governing class, thus enlarging that class by a flow of recruitments from below. This process gave the English that consistency, homogeneity and cultured outlook which have distinguished the men of her ruling class in the eyes of the whole world.

But the premises of the entire system were aristocratic, not democratic. The great Education Act of 1902 gave to the new educational authorities power to establish secondary schools, thus extending further the interest in popular education which had been begun in 1832 and implemented in the second half of the century. The momentum of this movement has never abated. In America we think of English university education as being ultra-exclusive and aristocratic. We forget that Great Britain has other universities besides those of Oxford and Cambridge; we forget Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham and (among others) the great University of London. We have never been told that in recent years about half the students even at Oxford and Cambridge have been the recipients of financial assistance. Equality of opportunity in British education is still a long way off. But the English have moved further on that road than we commonly think. And they are still moving.

If social inequality among the English scandalizes Americans, the fault is partly on our side. We expect too much. The English people reckon this inequality quite properly English. Ernest Barker in his compact little volume, *Britain and the British People*, contends that his people do not hanker for equality as we do. What they want most of all is freedom.

One response this opinion would bring from many Americans is that in such a case the English might show themselves readier to give other peoples freedom, and specifically the people of India.

That Mr. Brogan in his chapter on India fails to meet the issue squarely must, I think, be admitted. He resorts to arguments *ad hominem* and other symptoms of vexation. The problem of India seems to be a complex problem of the limits of the right of national self-determination. It should be discussed as such. But this Mr. Brogan fails to do. The wise course for Americans to take, when tempted to count their rule over India as a black mark against the British, is to suspend judgment until they have learned much more about the intricacies of the problem than most of us have learned so far. Anglo-American friendship ought not to depend on our setting ourselves up as the last word on all the colonial questions on this planet.

One has only to read Professor Barker's slender but thoughtful book to realize what it is that we have in common with England. Our American system of law is an outgrowth of their common law. Our habits of local self-government in village, township, city and state we have learned from England. Whatever may be the exigencies of modern economic life, especially during war, we will always want to have some measure of real local autonomy, coordinated with centralized authority. Less than the British, but still definitely, our political institutions, like theirs, favor religion. Like theirs, they favor freedom of speech and freedom of worship. Both peoples put a high value on individual human personality. Both political systems allow the maximum of free play to public opinion. Both contemplate society with its voluntary associations as something greater than the State.

How much we have in common is driven home to us by events that are happening before our eyes. Mr. Churchill addresses Congress with ease and, after returning to Britain, tells Parliament that he need not repeat what he said here, as if (thanks to the radio and the daily press) our institutions could dovetail on such occasions. Sir William Beveridge visits us to help us think out together the problems of postwar domestic reconstruction. He understands our problems of social security as well as we do ourselves, and has no trouble using our idiom. Our economic patterns are that similar.

Perhaps our greatest meeting point today is our common will to victory and to peace in a system of international security. Before we bicker with the British let us ask ourselves: "If Americans cannot get along with the British, with whom can they get along?" Like Lend-Lease, this question should be reciprocal. Lend-Lease, in fact, can be used to win British co-operation.

DEMOCRACY LACKS FOREIGN TONGUES

CHARLES L. CRANGLE

AMERICANS are a nation of talkers, but we talk too much to ourselves. Our best speakers develop, in great detail, the theories of democracy; our periodicals preach the American ideal; but these arguments are almost solely for home consumption. The barrier standing in the way of our dissemination of such theories and ideas is language.

At a time when our foreign policy is committing us more and more to an alliance with a strangely assorted group of nations all over the globe, America is still ninety per cent isolationist in language. Only a comparatively small group of Americans ever learn a foreign language. Learning a foreign language is not, I insist, a two-year inoculation in French, Spanish or Italian in high school or college. One may learn a few elements of vocabulary in such a manner, but not enough to converse.

The Federal Office of Education reports that no more than a small percentage of Americans really know one foreign tongue well enough to use it with skill. A great share of these bilingual Americans are the children of immigrants who learned their other tongue in the environment of the home. Often their education and training are not such that they can be of use to the Government today.

America, then, stands in a peculiar position. It is well enough to convince the educated, English-speaking citizens of another nation of the desirability of the American brand of democracy; to be really successful, such a conviction must be instilled in the heart and mind of the man on the streets of Buenos Aires, Rio and Casablanca. Such a man can only be reached through the medium of his own native tongue.

Clearly, therefore, it is to our advantage that American travelers and businessmen abroad should be able to speak another tongue than English. And yet, today, language courses are dropping off in popularity in many of our high schools and colleges, being replaced by courses in welding and the mechanical and engineering arts. I should be the last to discourage the mechanical training which we all realize is vital to our war effort, but I do wish to point out that in order to win the peace which follows, languages will be of equal importance with technical training.

Catholics, in particular, should be vitally interested in the spread of internationalism through proper training in foreign languages. Until the time of the Reformation, an international language, Latin, was taught and employed throughout the known Western world. Travelers and scholars employed this language to move about and spread their theories in other lands. Saint Thomas More, the great English humanist, wrote his *Utopia*, the

mirror of the perfect state, in Latin. In Latin it was circulated in 1515-1516; it was not translated into English until 1551, and then by another hand. Latin was, in More's opinion, the proper medium for his book; in Latin it would reach the educated of all lands. More had a typically Catholic view of the world, an international view. He was not a man to be satisfied with the publication of *Utopia* for consumption on his own narrow little island.

More wrote for the educated of all lands; today the problem is a broader one. We must write and speak to all the people of all lands. That is the happy result of democracy. No longer is it sufficient to convince only the highly educated. In a democracy, all men have the right to a vote in their country's policy, and it becomes necessary, therefore, to reach and speak to all men.

This, as I have said before, necessitates the knowledge, by Americans, of foreign languages. Now how is this to be accomplished? By required courses in French and Spanish in our high schools and colleges? Not unless results of such courses are far more encouraging than in the past. The ability to read a simple story-book in another tongue will get the student nowhere.

What we need in America is an internationalism in our whole educational foundation. It is not sufficient to wait until the high school or college years to cram a bit of foreign prattle into our student's brains; we must act early, during the first school years, while memories are still sharp and eager, and the mere thought of studying a foreign tongue does not fill the student with fear. We must act, to be brief, in the early years of grammar school.

Does such a proposal fill parents with horror? The patent arguments against such a course are far too easily seen. The little minds will be unable to grasp the intricacies of a foreign tongue, their brains will be overtaxed, they will lose what little interest they have in their early schooling.

Little brains are being underestimated. The child grasps the basic points of his native tongue without apparent trouble, for his mind is open and keen. Later, of course, as he grows older, memorization will be more difficult, for by that time he has blunted the first sharp edge of his interest, and he studies for a purpose. The time to teach the foreign tongue, then, is while the child is still young.

Will such a plan harm the child, overtax his brain? The children of Europe have found two or more foreign languages included in their study schedules for many years. Must we admit that the American child is not capable of the same application as, say, a German lad?

No, American children can do it, and will, if given the chance. With the aid of good teachers and proper methods of instruction, suited to the age being taught, the American child can, in time, grow to become a truly international nationalist—a man equipped and eager to spread his own and his country's philosophy of life beyond the borders of the continental United States, into the nations that today fail to understand, and, not understanding, are prepared to put into the path of democracy obstacles that may sow the seed of another war.

FIFTH COLUMN RUMORS

SUPPOSE you were a fifth columnist in the pay of Tokyo, working in this country. What would be your most potent weapon? Dynamite? Fire? Poison? Nothing so melodramatic—it would be the power of rumor, particularly, as conditions are today in the country, rumors of Negro and white friction.

Tokyo has experience in playing up color prejudice. As William Henry Chamberlin remarks in a quotation in the third quarter, 1943, issue of *Pylon*, the Atlanta University review:

If I were a fifth columnist, working in the interests of Japan's militarists, I would certainly bend all my energies to promoting the idea that this is a war of color, of the white race against the yellow. It is the most effective propaganda card the Japanese rulers have at their disposal.

With experience in the technique, it would be an easy transition for a Japanese agent to work around the country, dropping insinuations to whites that the Negroes really consider this their war, because see how they are using it to push their absurd demands to equality; to Negroes he would whisper that it is a white man's war, because obviously Negroes are not being trusted with their share in it, except their share of dying.

Yes, a clever agent could whip racial prejudices up to a veritable stampede. Have we such agents slinking among us?

We have, indeed, though they may not realize it. When it becomes necessary for a community like St. Louis to organize a "rumor clinic," whose purpose is to track down the false statements that are whipping up race prejudices in a city that had gone far, prior to the war, to establishing good relations, then we have fifth-column rumor-mongers. This dangerous tongue-wagging takes the form of anonymous letters and phone calls to the Mayor, the police, groups and individuals. So potent are they that, a few days ago, Negroes in East St. Louis were preparing for an "invasion" of whites.

So potent and operative are these rumors that, last year, to take but one example, a Negro, one James E. Person, was slain because thirteen whites, who are now happily indicted, "circulated false rumors."

This is matter for an examination of conscience by every American, especially by every Catholic. When you unthinkingly repeat your "say, did you hear etc., etc.," you are adding your little match-flame to keep the pot of prejudice boiling, and it may take just that little extra spurt of fire to send it boiling over.

Not only is this rumor-mongering un-Christian; it plays into the enemy's hands by keeping racist thoughts ripe in the mind, by strangling national unity. It is as thoughtless, as heartless, as criminal as it would be to chatter about the time and port of departure of a convoy.

We must bridle our tongues against uttering, and our ears and minds against accepting, rumors that pit American against American, Christ's brother against Christ's brother.

EDITOR

CHINA SPEAKS OUT

LAST week we called attention to the significant statement of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek on the sixth anniversary of China's resistance to Japanese aggression. Why has the daily press widely ignored it?

The Generalissimo did not confine his remarks to his pledge to fight the Axis to the finish, or to his plea for new machinery of co-operation among the United Nations, both in war and in peace. He went much farther than that.

He declared that "the future peace should be a peace seeking the emancipation of entire mankind." This means, in the first place, that nations which have lost their independence through enemy occupation must be restored to independence. It means that peoples "still having not attained complete freedom" must be helped to that attainment. He raised the banner round which freedom-loving people everywhere will rally.

But he revealed his political experience and wisdom by mounting the jewel of freedom in the only setting that can make it meaningful and practical. "The relative speed of emancipation may have to vary," he went on, "in accordance with different cultural levels of different peoples, but it is imperatively desirable that the same principles apply in the emancipation of all peoples." He knows far too much about the East to believe for a moment that *immediate* emancipation of all colonials provides any solution to the colonial problem. And he knows enough about the West to want more convincing evidence that colonial powers have seriously accepted the inevitable emancipation of all Asiatics (and others) even as a long-range political policy.

The Generalissimo's statement implies the application of genuinely Christian principles of politics: the essential equality of all peoples, the consequent right to government based on the consent of the governed, and the important proviso that this right be exercised with prudent regard for the well-being not only of the particular people in question but of the world community.

We are accustomed to pity the Chinese. But it took their leader to remind us of the Christian principles we hesitate to declare.

PRESIDENT AND POPE

NOT long ago, Prime Minister Churchill called the victory in North Africa "the end of the beginning"; now, President Roosevelt sees in the invasion of Sicily "the beginning of the end." When and how the end will come it would be foolish to try to predict. Though we hope and pray for a Nazi collapse, it is worth remembering that the German collapse in 1918 was preceded by a tremendous drive, a final bid for victory that was stopped only after bitter fighting and much loss of life. The remembrance will support us through the long and bloody months that may intervene before victory comes in the European theatre.

And after the end—what? That will depend to no slight degree upon American statesmanship. We have made, and are making, vast contributions to the striking power of the United Nations in men, munitions and machines; President Roosevelt has a voice in the direction and strategy of the war such as Wilson never had in World War I; the armies of the United Nations move into Europe under the command of General Eisenhower.

Shall we lose that leadership after the war? Shall we pour out American wealth and American blood like water, and then fail to see to it that the sacrifice is not wasted? Our President has assured the Holy Father, in noble words, that we are coming, not as conquerors but as liberators. He, like the Pope, looks for "that bright day when the peace of God returns to the world."

There is no other peace, and the Pope and the President know it. There are people in this country and in Europe who would try to build peace without God. They are waiting for the day of liberation to begin again the whole miserable story of anti-clerical revolution that has been the bane of Europe for more than a century. that "respect for religious beliefs and for the free exercise of religious worship is fundamental to our ideas." Religion is free in America; we may worship openly, preach openly, teach our own Faith in our own schools. If, when the American armies withdraw from Europe, the Church is to be left with less than this, they will go home, not to peace, but to another Armistice.

LEWIS AND THE ANTI-STRIKE LAW

WITH few exceptions, the coal miners have returned to the pits. The Stars and Stripes are flying over the nation's coal mines, and work is proceeding under the terms of the old contract as modified by the War Labor Board. But the Board's directive that the miners agree to work under their former employers and sign a contract with them has been disregarded. Naturally, the mine-owners are somewhat incensed and want the President to relieve their unhappy plight. But the President, at a press conference on July 9, seemed to doubt whether there was anything he could do.

This situation presents some interesting, and disturbing, aspects. Not the least of these is that if John L. Lewis had determined to expose the bungling legislation incorporated in the Smith-Connally Anti-Strike Bill, he could not have asked for a more propitious set of circumstances. Section 8 of that Bill, now the law of the land despite a well-reasoned Presidential veto, provides the following procedure whenever a labor dispute in a privately-owned or operated plant threatens to interrupt production:

1. Notice of such dispute must be given to the appropriate Federal agencies.
2. For thirty days after such notice, production shall continue under conditions previously existing.
3. On the thirtieth day after certification, if the dispute has not been settled, the National Labor Relations Board shall conduct a strike election.

If this section is read with Section 3, which provides that, in the event that the men vote to strike, the President is empowered to take over and operate the plant to avoid an interruption in production, it will be clear immediately what a powerful weapon the Congress has placed in Mr. Lewis' hands, or in the hands of any other labor leader. The mine leader is now in a position to defy the War Labor Board and to deprive the mine-owners of the use of their properties until six months after the end of the war.

Here is the legal procedure that is open to him.

Mr. Lewis has said that the miners will work only as long as the Government continues to operate the mines. Suppose that tomorrow the President were to assert his authority and order the mines returned to their owners. As soon as this had been done, Mr. Lewis would at once set the machinery of the Smith-Connally Bill in motion.

1. He would certify to the Secretary of Labor, the War Labor Board, the National Labor Relations Board, that a labor dispute exists between the miners and operators and threatens to interrupt production.
2. For thirty days the mines would continue to operate as before.
3. If Mr. Lewis had not by that time received what he was after, ballots would be distributed and the men would vote to strike or not to strike. There is little doubt, under the present circumstances, that the men would vote "not to trespass on the property of the mine-owners." The strike would follow immediately.
4. The President, after investigation, would then

proclaim that there had been an interruption of work in the coal fields and would take over the mines.

5. The mine-owners and the War Labor Board would be left holding the bag.

No wonder such an acute observer of the national scene as Walter Lippmann wrote recently that "if the Congressional policy were allowed to stand by itself, we should soon run short of Ickeses to be the custodians of our war plants." Seeking in an ill-tempered moment to chastise Mr. Lewis, Congress has succeeded only in strengthening his hand. By legalizing strikes in wartime, it has given to organized labor the power to put every war plant in the country under the direction of the Federal Government.

Fortunately, the national labor leaders who pledged to the nation that strikes were out for the duration, and who, with the single exception of Mr. Lewis, have kept that pledge, were not swept off their feet by this wave of Congressional hostility. Vigorously protesting against the Smith-Connally Bill, they nevertheless reiterated their no-strike pledge to the President and to the country. For this high-minded, patriotic reaction to a clumsy and unfriendly law, Messrs. William Green and Philip Murray, respective heads of the A. F. of L. and the C.I.O., are deserving of public applause.

PUNCTURING THE PIN-UPS

THE late George M. Cohan achieved his unique place in the American entertainment world without once dabbling in smut and suggestiveness. Now another actor puts forth a ten-point platform for his fellows of the sock and buskin who are on the road to entertain the troops, and his recommendations are sound, indeed.

At a meeting of the National Entertainment Industry Council, Eddie Cantor (none other) read his "ten commandments," and first on the list was: "Don't do anything for the fighting boys that you wouldn't do if their parents were present. You can be just as funny by keeping it clean."

We venture to hope that all the entertainment provided in the camps will follow that sane advice, and we would like to add a rider for the attention of magazine and newspaper publishers—"Don't publish pictures for the boys to pin up in tents and barracks which they would not dare to pin up in their room at home." Yes, we mean the pin-up girls. It always comes as something of a shock to see a picture of a shack on Guadalcanal or of a barracks in Alaska, where the boys are fighting for the finer things, and find the walls defaced by suggestive pictures, on whose sale some publisher is making a neat little profit.

Do we imagine that the boys will pin up holy pictures, instead? It might not be a bad idea, at that. But, at least, one of the Four Freedoms, that of the press, ought not be abused to supply our troops with pictures they would not dare to display in their own homes. Homes where they would dare to be hardly worth fighting to save.

LIFE AND STRENGTH

THERE is no passage from life to life, save through death. From this life to our eternal one, there is only one bridge in God's ordinary Providence, and it is death. Now, fallen human nature is one life, and human nature supernaturalized is another life and, between them, death must intervene. And it does, in mystical and symbolical fashion, in the rite of Baptism.

Saint Paul, in this Sunday's Epistle (Romans vi, 6-11), dwells on what we may call that transitional aspect of death. The infant at the font is born to a new and marvelously different life, but that is possible only if it dies to the taint of sin in which it was conceived and born. This death takes place because Baptism is a symbolical representation of the death of Christ. "Know you not that all we, who are baptized in Christ Jesus, are baptized in His death?" This symbolical death with Christ, and the subsequent rising with Him to "live also together" with Him was more vividly portrayed when Baptism was administered, as it not infrequently was, by immersion. But even now, in the pouring of the water, the submersion, the death of the "old man" is signified, and the emergence of the "new," Jesus Christ, in the infant.

But this new life—where is it to get its strength, its sustenance? One might think that it is by a happy coincidence that the same Sunday's Gospel gives the answer. It is, of course, no mere coincidence, for the Church's liturgy, the *lex orandi* (the rule of praying) shares the same Divine guidance as does her *lex credendi* (the rule of belief). The Epistles and Gospels of the Sundays are not juxtaposed by chance, but because the Holy Spirit means the one to illustrate, to confirm, to expand the other.

So, having spoken in today's Epistle of the new life the baptised person enters through the symbolical death of Baptism, the Church goes on, in the Gospel, to tell where that new life will find its strength. This it does by giving us Saint Mark's account of the multiplication of the loaves (Saint Mark, viii, 1-10). The institution of the Holy Eucharist is here prefigured, and the application, in the mind of the Church, is clear: the reception of Christ's Body and Blood is the supreme means of keeping the new life, His life, strong and vigorous in the soul.

The great truth is too much overlooked that Holy Communion is not a reward for virtue, but a means of keeping good and getting better. We do not, and cannot, receive Him because we are worthy of Him, but because our real life needs Him. Our Divine Lord is present in the Blessed Sacrament, not primarily to be adored, but to be of service. Only if my new life has ceased, only if I am spiritually dead, am I forbidden to receive the Source of Life.

Otherwise, the supreme means we have of making strong the life we received through Baptism is to receive Him frequently, into Whose life we died and rose through the saving waters poured upon us at the font.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

SPEECH'S NATURAL LAW

SISTER ANNA ROBERTA

MUCH time is misspent today by dogmatic pedants who can outrun the constable, when a felon has gone so far in his deviation from oral rectitude as to mispronounce a word. Or if the knave were to speak of his mother's sister in terms of Lucretian "crawling things," instead of the expedient "ahnt," then some scholars would feel themselves preeminently qualified to cast the first stone.

There is no disorder in the operation of God's law, where He is its sole executive. In the magnificence of the firmament, where each "star differeth from star," incalculable earths, suns and moons pass muster with co-eternal permanence. There is no cacophany in the music of the spheres. That is why the seasons revolve in methodical progression, why the January bull never invades the china-shop of July, why the thrill of parenthood at the prospect of each new separate and integrated loveliness is unparalleled. All of God's gifts to us in the natural order, all except one, and that the most precious, find a quickening response in the hearts of men. With its Creator as Director, the natural law not only promises an everlasting culmination in, but also is unfailingly refreshing, the round of its cycle. But in this one domain where man is regent, in the operation of the natural law of language, too often do we find, instead of a manifestation of beauty, a tremendous latency; mystification rather than information; disunion and not communion through the spoken word.

Articulation, designed for the transmission of thought, is pitifully over-taxed, often profaned and sometimes desecrated. This abuse of a natural faculty takes its toll as soon as truth and happiness are sacrificed on the gallows of false emphasis. Let us examine this under three heads: 1) insistence on audible prominence of every letter of a word; 2) intolerance of local vowel quality; 3) determination of syllabic accent not *per se*, but *per* dictionaries.

An example will illustrate the first tragedy. Johnny is told not to "drop his g's," in the midst of his narration of a personal, vivid, colorful experience. Immediately, the *joie de vivre* leaves his face. The unsympathetic listener had no heart for the boy, only plenty of hurt for his joy. Though we forgive and pity the interrupter, because he is evidently not conversant with the principle of the natural law, whereby under certain conditions a velar nasal consonant may be changed to a nasal, nevertheless we are chagrined at the stifling of a personality.

Another type of joy-killer is the isolationist who has a predilection for the independent sounding of certain letters, irrespective of juxtaposition. The dentals bear the brunt of his ignorance. He would have us do weird things in combinations such as "virtue," "nature," "mutual," "I'm glad to meet you." Yet whoever uses this last formula, with conscious articulation of the *t* instead of a natural blend—you may be sure the truth of the words he uses is not in him. Personality? Charm? Lovableness? His heritage, yes; yet stillborn, all. Egoists will charge, "lazy-mouthed," if they do not hear the phonic sound of *t*; but haven't devils always labeled virtue, vice? Is not he who refuses to fight, a coward, in jingo-lingo?

The second classification includes those mercy-killers who will have an absolute quality of vowel pattern. For example: little Mary does not give a certain quality of sound to the first letter in the word *ask*. Therefore a story which she is anxious to tell is crushed in embryo by a hit-run autoist who didn't even have a license to drive. He did not know that the word was originally *aks*, let alone the fact that, according to a physiological law, by metathesis, one consonant often passes ahead of another, leaving the vowel unchanged. And again we can only pity these breeders of death. But how could it be otherwise, when, as indwellers of the morgue themselves, they have missed a lot of fun in life—even vicariously. They could never appreciate that one about the Harvard professor, who meant to say "a well-oiled bicycle," but discovered from the insurgent smirks on the faces of his listeners, that instead he had emitted "a well-boiled icicle." However, as we sympathize, we also warn them that undue advertence as to how we say it, rather than to what we say, can lead to insanity.

And now! It is not only Johnny or Mary who is victimized, but the college undergraduate who must needs change his vowel pattern, either in imitation of some pedestaled paragon, or at the behest of an armchair general. For proof of this asininity, let us suppose that a Spaniard, a Frenchman, a German and an Englishman are contemplating an object familiar to all of us—a species of the *genus homo*, masculine, a resident on this mortal coil for approximately eight years. The nationals are wrangling. José insists the object is a *muchacho*; Jacques gesticulates "Why certainly not, it is a *garçon*"; Franz expostulates that it is a *Knabe*; and the English Tommy is pretty sure that it is a *boy*. Is any one right? Is only one right? Is any one "right"? Could Aristotle draw a conclusion? Now let us make a substitution. Instead of four men of different nationalities in the same world, let them be four men of different states in the same nation; of different counties in the same state; of different cities in the same county. Would

you out-Aristotle Aris, and draw an absolute on the quality of *o* in, "The dog fell off the log"? Because there is a natural law in language, God, from all Eternity, wanted you to say it in your own local way, if in His Providence He permitted you to be a cosmopolitan or a hermit.

Finally, the third classification—a matter of placement of tonic stress is paramount in the realm of thought transfer. From myriad examples, we select two in current conflict. Is it *consummated* or *consummated*? Addicts of dictionaryitis will give you an immediate answer. For is not the printed page infallible? Or is it true that for commercial reasons the English vocabulary has been exploited by way of lexicons? Is it true that the dictionaries represent proportions of how some *do*, not how *you* should?

The conclusion to be drawn from this is that just as one naturally stresses, in a sentence, the *word* which contains the principal idea, so, too, in a word he will stress the syllable. To determine the pronunciation of the word "*consummated*," we must put the word into its context, and then ask ourselves, "What did the Lord mean when He said, 'It is consummated'?" In stressing the second syllable we bring out the thought in the adjective modifying *it*. If the *it* means redemption, we interpret Christ's dictum as "The Redemption is finished." In stressing the *con*, or the verbal idea, we imply that Christ, in referring to the horrible suffering undergone during his Passion, expressed joy that it was all over. Briefly, It is *consummated* means "My Passion is over"; it is *consummated* means "the Redemption is accomplished."

If you would like to know the secret of happiness and peace in the city of man, if you long to get out of a state of mental topsyturvydom; if you want to avoid State Hospital expense, if you yearn to win friends and influence people, if you would one day be a citizen in the city of God, a good place to start is with your speech powers; don't be sharp, don't be flat—be natural.

THE EYES HAVE IT

ONE hundred and fifty-two years from now, the human countenance, I predict, is going to look vastly different. I say this on the assumption of the evolutionists, who hold that practice makes perfect, and vice versa, and that, consequently, the organs that we use most develop most and become predominant; those we don't use shrink and become vestigial. Well, if that be true, here is what *Homo Sapiens* will look like, ere long: the top of his head, above the ears, will have disappeared; the nose will be much smaller, the mouth about the same size as now; *but* these losses will have been compensated for by much, much larger ears, and eyes that will be enormous and considerably protruding.

A Martian creature, such as is foiled by intrepid Buck Rogers? Not at all. That's what we shall look like, take my word for it. Because, of all our faculties, the ones we use most are those of hearing and seeing, especially of seeing. So the brain will shrivel up like a dried pea, and we shall become all eyes.

This melancholy clairvoyancy descended on me very simply. Over in a corner of the office where I write is a pile of boxes containing jig-saw puzzles. Some anonymous benefactor dropped them at the door a few days ago and scuttled off, as though they were a foundling; he/she probably thought the Editors needed some simple, gay laughter to keep them from gibbering idiocy. Anyway, as I took a glance at them, I found that they were not the simple jig-saw puzzles I used to know. They have gone high-hat; they are now "picture puzzles." That, in turn, reminded me of an article in the July *Harper's*, on the picture magazines.

It really does seem that the signs on the high-road of our culture read more and more unmistakably: "Stop, Look—and Stop Thinking." Let's just look (there I go—see?) at the picture magazines a bit. According to the *Harper's* article, in 1942, more than 275 million copies of picture magazines were sold in the United States. At a modest estimate of five readers to each copy, there were 1,375 million readings.

Add to this a movie or so a week, and you see what a boon this phase of American life is to the opticians and oculists.

But does the American eye just glide over the photos, or does the brain, too, get in a few licks? Speaking of the most successful of the picture magazines, the article remarks:

It is true that much of *Life* requires no mental activity at all; you can take it as a pure pastime in the literal sense of the word . . . but if you want to use your head you usually have a chance to do so. And the success of *Life* is a good sign that millions of Americans prefer a magazine that gives them such a chance.

We are not convinced—may not the millions prefer it (and much more *Life's* myriad imitators) for the "much" that requires no mental activity at all? Or, perhaps, for one aspect that "might almost be classed as constituting a principle in its own right"—namely, the slyly cautious, always sociologically captioned purveying of nudity? Just watch the next person you see with a picture magazine—see the pages flip by.

Well, and why not look at pictures; can't we learn from them? Nobody yet has invented a substitute for language as the medium of conveying ideas, truth. The whole of pictorial journalism labors from the inherent defect that pictures, and particularly a series of them, arranged to slant a story, consistently present a subtle distortion of reality. If we *could* only look without thinking, it would be just fun; but try as we may, the brain will start to work, and on the wrong premises. The approach to a picture magazine, I suggest, ought to be not "What fine photos!" but rather "What's wrong with this picture?"

You may have suspected all along what this fulmination has been working up to. If Catholic readers, too, must glance at not a few of these picture magazines betimes, they really, though misguided, do not have time and energy left to read a Catholic magazine we might mention.

DONALD G. GWYNN

BOOKS

PAULIST PIONEER

CELESTIAL HOMESPUN. By Katherine Burton. Longmans, Green and Co. \$3

MRS. BURTON has written a satisfying and stimulating book on Isaac Hecker, the founder of the Paulist Fathers. Her account of him is engrossing, and makes one eager to know more about his inner life. It would take another Brémond to solve the mystery of his fitful intellectual development and to trace his spiritual progress. As in the case of Vincent de Paul, we are ignorant of the stages and mechanics of his memorable transformation. His religious antecedents were mixed. His mother changed from her ancestral Dutch Calvinism to Methodism, to which she clung faithfully to the end of a long life. His father and grandfather also abandoned the Dutch Reformed Church, without substituting anything for it. In the uneasiness and distress that were the prelude to Isaac's conversion, his bewildered family treated him with unflinching consideration.

Early in his unsettled days, and long before either dreamed of being a Catholic, Isaac had the guidance and inspiration of Orestes Brownson, who suggested a visit to Brook Farm as a means of throwing light on his destiny. The plain living and high thinking of that institution profited Hecker much, but created a more imperious need for the refuge and strength of the Church. His New England associations led to a relationship with Emerson that had a momentous bearing on his vocation. He saw needs and defects in Emerson which he was convinced only Catholicism could supply and rectify. His conversion brought him peace and opened up new fields of enterprise. The patriot in him rejoiced in the discovery of a unifying principle for the conflicting elements that composed American life, while the pilgrim was happy to be on his way to his eternal goal. Having decided to join the Redemptorists, he was sent by them to study in Holland and Belgium, and was ordained in London by Wiseman. His visit to England came about the time when Newman was attempting something even harder than the conversion of America: to lay the ghost of English bigotry through his lectures on the *Present Position of Catholics in England*.

On Father Hecker's return to America he was much encouraged by the response to his missionary efforts. However, the work of the American Redemptorists was mainly among the German-speaking Catholics, and Father Hecker soon realized that a richer harvest was offered by those who spoke English. He went to Rome, after due deliberation, to enlist the aid of his Superior General in opening up so promising a field. Unfortunately, the Superior found his procedure irregular and his aims fantastic, and expelled him from the order without hearing his defense. Father Hecker took the blow with Christian calm and fortitude. He declined the luxury of indignation against injustice and bad manners. His unselfish zeal won the friendly interest of Cardinal Barnabo, who paved the way for the favorable intervention of Pope Pius IX. A vindication infinitely more desirable than reinstatement followed; the Pope commissioned him to found the Paulist Congregation.

Adventure marked the career of Isaac Hecker to the end, even though disappointment balked him at many a turn. Mrs. Burton carries us with him to the Vatican Council, and in the travels that his failing health imposed upon him. Important as was his work in America, he did not reap the great harvest of which he and Brownson dreamed. Both of them had believed so strongly that America was ripe for conversion. We did not have here the retarding and blighting causes of which Newman complained in England. We had none of the

exasperating and uncharitable polemics to which he attributed the alienation of Gladstone. We were not plagued by his "insolent and aggressive factions." No reckless zealots set our house on fire and then called on their more restrained brethren to put it out. But perhaps Hecker and Brownson were too eager to install new machinery in the American ark, and were too disdainful of the methods and character of imported pilots. We must reconsider some of our techniques if the Church which has contributed so heavily to the armed forces is to become as potent in national faith as it is in national defense.

FLORENCE D. COHALAN

KEY TO GENIUS

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS: PRIEST AND POET. By John Pick. The Oxford University Press. \$2.75

A SYNOPSIS of this book appeared in the form of an article in *AMERICA*'s literary section in the issue of January 23. The article, however, gave but a glimpse of the loving and painstaking scholarship that has gone into it. That must first of all be noted: this is a thorough piece of work, and ought to answer, once for all, the charge Dr. Pick sets himself to disprove, namely, that Hopkins' genius grew hampered and tortured because he became a Catholic, a priest and, above all, a Religious.

This same charge, it will be remembered, was made against Newman, but modern critics level it at Hopkins with a difference. He was cabined and confined because he could not reconcile his love of sensuous beauty, almost pagan, they say, in its intensity, with the ascetical ideals his religious life superimposed on his real self. He would have been a better poet had he not got interested in being a Saint.

Dr. Pick holds and, to my mind, proves the thesis that Hopkins' poetry can be understood only if it is read in the light of his development under the molding influence of the Spiritual Exercises of Saint Ignatius, the great formative influence in the life of any member of the Society. More than that, he holds that precisely because Hopkins had learned, through his spiritual life, "to see God in creatures and them all in Him," he could and did appreciate passionately the beauty that appeals to the senses and go on to make of that passion a thing consecrated.

That doctrine, of course, that created beauty is but a spring-board to the eternal, is Catholic to the core. Saint Paul knew it; it alone gives the clew to Saint Francis of Assisi. Father Hopkins knew it, too; but whether it is reflected ever more intensely in his poetry as he grew in holiness, can only be discovered by a study of the poems chronologically. This Dr. Pick does in the book, and I think the growth of Hopkins, both in asceticism and poetic stature, will not be doubted when you have finished the study. The quantity of his poetry was undoubtedly limited by his periods of desolation, by his religious scruples about fame and publicity, but the quality deepened. Indeed, I think we may say that it deepened so much that we get a little too much of a good thing, for it is the poems of his last period (1884-1889) which become so intense that they find language more and more trammeling and consequently give us some of his most difficult and unusual verse which turns less bold souls away from his real sublimity.

Throughout, the author annotates the difficult passages very successfully. His comments on the famous "instress" and "inscape" are illuminating, and the whole tone of the slim volume is one of restrained enthusiasm for one who is without doubt, despite his obviously limited audience, one of the language's greatest religious poets.

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WOMAN BEHIND THE THRONE

MR. LINCOLN'S WIFE. By Ann Colver. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50

THIS is the story of Mary Todd Lincoln, a woman derided by her contemporaries, used as a vulnerable target by her husband's enemies, and obsessed with a neurotic ambition for furthering the Lincoln fortunes.

Ann Colver arouses the reader's sympathetic interest in this woman discredited by many historians. She has set herself to the task of unraveling the eccentricities which have become part of the stigma of Mary Todd. In accomplishing this end, she has drawn a finely human portrait of a woman driven by the belief that her efforts were the sole basis of her husband's ultimate success.

In a distinctively fresh style, the novelist has resurrected the staid Victorian settings and the hectic periods of the Civil and postwar days which formed the essential background of Mary's life. Her prose has retained the quaint formality of those times, and serves as a suitable medium for unfolding Mary Todd's courtship of Lincoln. The book itself is filled with witty and succinct quotations which are typically Lincolnian. They have been selected wisely, and are subtle indications of his vast knowledge of humanity.

The novel is a story of marriage. Mary Todd, against the wishes of her family, married the rough backwoodsman because she was deeply in love with him. She thought that he needed her. After twenty years, her "laughing stock" had become famous, and Mary felt that her marriage had been justified in the eyes of everyone, especially the snobbish Todds. Her moment of triumph, however, was a brief and disillusioning one, but her indomitable courage and deep sense of a tremendous and inescapable destiny carried her on to a bitter and starkly tragic end.

Embellishing fact with fancy, for *Mr. Lincoln's Wife* is not a history, Ann Colver has presented an arresting study of that unknown portion of Lincoln's life—his home days. To some extent, she has redeemed his wife from the satirical picture that modern history has painted of her. This novel, in a wholly satisfying manner, clarifies the pathetic and rather terrifying story.

MARY O'GRADY

THIS MAN WAS IRELAND. By Robert Farren. Sheed and Ward. \$3

SUBTITLED "The Song of Columcille the Exile," this is the story of the good Saint of Derry and Iona, first told by Adamnan, a later abbot of Iona, in Latin prose, now related in verse by Robert Farren, a young and eminent Irish poet. Aubrey De Vere magnificently offered Erin's Apostle's history in his *Legends of Saint Patrick* and Robert Farren does equal justice to the Irish Apostle of Scotland.

Outside the actual tale of the Saint—prophecies of his coming, his education, his fight against Finnian over the copying of the psalter (called the earliest legal dispute based on the laws of copyright), his exile for his part in the famous battle of Cooldreveny, his consequent founding of Iona and his spreading of the Faith in Scotland—the most interesting part of this book is its adaptability as an introduction to Irish mythology and Irish history. The tales of ancient days are either explicitly narrated in the body of the poem or briefly stated in numerous notes that end most of the pages. The notes also give all needed pronunciations. T. C. HENNESSY

PROSE READINGS. By Vincent Joseph Flynn. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50

I MUST confess that I view anthologies with a lack of enthusiasm, a prejudice that finds its reasonableness in the dulness of many books of this kind. We are all familiar with the typical collection of literature, gathered together under the assumption that because everything in it is of high quality, the book will automatically attain the same level. This, of course, is far from being the case, as a problem of composition exists in forming such a book, just as it does in any other. It is the sub-

tlety that is involved in artistic composition, therefore, that rescues such books from being a mere patch-work of unrelated, literary tid-bits and gives an anthology distinction as a book. It is this distinction, allied with a fine sense of the value of contrasting material, that isolates this and makes it a readable, enjoyable book.

While the character of this anthology suggests its use for supplementary college reading, for which it seems very well adapted, it is to be hoped that the publishers will promote its distribution among general readers. It should find a wide public. Into its arrangement has gone taste of an unusual kind, coupled with a sense of material that has topical interest. This lifts the book out of the category of those anthologies which contain the literature everyone knows about, but which few read, except under compulsion. On education, for instance, one finds not only the expected item from Newman but also provocative matter by Hutchins, the team of Byrns and O'Meara, Walter Lippmann, and a particularly enjoyable thing by Stark Young.

The literary nobs are present in sufficient quantity, but this editor has by no means followed the tried-and-true path that leads to a dull sort of safety, by relying on great names. Even those that are included—such as Hazlitt, Lamb, De Quincy, Swift, Saint Thomas Aquinas, Alphonse Daudet, Tolstoi and Chesterton—are represented by matter that is not too well known, and which has, therefore, some of the pleasureableness of novelty. This is often combined with a content that is pertinent to current conditions. It is a book to read and enjoy, with intellectual benefit as a by-product, and I particularly recommend Paul Horgan's fine story, *The Surgeon and the Nun*, although this is only one of the many things to satisfy one's interest in *Prose Readings*.

BARRY BYRNE

THE LIGHTS AROUND THE SHORE. By Jerome Weidman. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50

THIS story of a young Hungarian immigrant, Fini Wawrth, and her nephew, Peter Landor, is a curious one. In it the author explores the field of character motivation, and the results are exasperating to the general reader. Fini and her fifteen-year-old nephew set out from New York on a very mysterious voyage to London and Paris. From the moment the ship sails, Peter is filled with fear and bewilderment at the complete and terrifying change in his aunt, and we cannot help but sympathize with him. While we are wondering about her, we meet Madame Margot, the gusty, zestful, dress-designer; Henry Marcher, the young foreign correspondent; Kurt Galois, the unpleasantly unforgettable lace peddler—yet never are we permitted a glimpse of why Fini does what she does.

We hurry to the last chapter, thinking now the author will "tell all," but we stumble out of that New York hospital as bewildered as young Peter, for we still do not understand the motives for the Hungarian girl's actions, nor the reasons behind her reactions.

The story is well told, the suspense sustained, and the mystery never thoroughly unraveled. Just as an unanswered riddle will remain in our minds long after one whose solution we have worked out has been completely erased, so will *Lights around the Shore* plague us with questions when better books have been forgotten. If this was his object, Mr. Weidman has been eminently successful.

ELIZABETH M. JOYCE

IN PEACE JAPAN BREEDS WAR. By Gustav Eckstein. Harper and Bros. \$2.50.

AFTER many trips to Japan and considerable living among the people, including such stays as acquainted him with the simple country folk as well as with the intellectual classes, the writer—already the author of an excellent biography of Noguchi—had accumulated a vast store of incidents which indicate the attitudes and the manners of thought of the Japanese people.

These he has put together, not as a series of random recollections, but as an alternating succession of personally vivid memories of incidents and of keenly interpreted statements of Japanese positions on various

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"We will certainly suffer": "We can choose what kind of suffering we will have—whether it will be redeeming, reaching out to others, or whether it will be sterile. If we chose to live an exclusive life, to narrow our souls in a timid state of selfish soul-culture, we will certainly suffer. We will suffer particularly if there is a demand made upon us to give of ourselves, if we are threatened by the loss of one jot of that precious life we are so intent in saving for eternity, and our suffering—though even increasing, out of all proportion to the cause—will be absolutely fruitless.

"But if we choose to respond and say 'yes' to every one who wakes in us the spark that may burn to love, to say 'yes' to every experience that may make us understand human creatures better, our suffering will be big, and our capacity will grow big enough to include that divine thing, compassion, which word does literally mean sharing in The Passion."

—Quoted from Caryl Chessler's book:

THIS WAR IS THE PASSION. - Price \$2.00.

"A successful theft from tomorrow": "Most of the activities of the modern world are a consumption of the 'capital' of the world: today's success is a successful theft from tomorrow. Thus our machinery means the inevitable and perhaps rapid dearth of the world's metals. A philosopher of history has lately reminded us never to forget that every modern war is a war for—oil! Iron and oil do not grow, as grow the ash and oak, and even the elm and alder.

"The things now used by man in his madness for bulk and speed are all exhaustible things. One day (thank heaven?) they will be no more. Therefore consider the lilies of the field—how they grow. Iron and copper and zinc and coal and oil do not grow—they only grow less. But alder and elm and ash and oak and cabbage and lettuce and potatoes and roses and the lilies of the field—they grow. They seem blessed by God with some share of His infinity and eternity."

—Quoted from Vincent McNabb's *OLD PRIN-*

CIPLES AND THE NEW ORDER. - Price \$2.75.

They "took pity on the State": "It is an injustice, a grave evil and a disturbance of right order," says Pius XI, 'for a larger and higher organization to arrogate to itself functions which can be performed efficiently by smaller and lower bodies. This is a fundamental principle of social philosophy. . . . The unfortunate State, loaded down with all the burdens once borne by the now extinct associations, is groaning under 'an infinity of affairs and duties.'

"It is as if Father Tompkins and his fishermen took pity on the State that is so heavily laden. . . . The people knew from the first that they had work to do. . . . They knew also the basic principle of social philosophy: littler bodies, doing their work, need not be and ought never to be swallowed up by the general collectivity. . . . In saving themselves these little bodies have done more to free and save the State than any statesman whom one can easily name in these times. . . . And it may be noted in passing that the result has pleased the Popes. . . ."

—Quoted from Leo Ward's *NOVA SCOTIA:*

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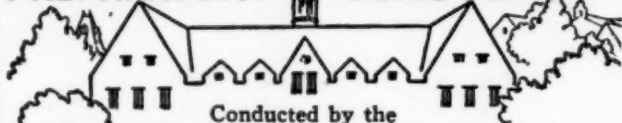
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aspects of life today. Most important of these to the author, and necessarily to us, are those which reveal the singleness and actually pagan character of the Japanese mind, and the innate hostility of the Japanese for everything foreign—however much outward appearances of friendship might be maintained.

It is necessary to say that, in spite of his long-standing friendships with the Japanese and his intimate knowledge of things Japanese, the author has written a book tinged by his and our war attitudes. All of this is necessary and proper. The Far East is not the world of Lafcadio Hearn; it is a world of a jealous Eastern people only recently "opened" to the West, continuously hostile towards the West, and but biding its time until it could thrust the West and all its effects and powers from the shores of Greater East Asia. It is well that we recognize these things, know our enemy for the determined person he is, know even his absolute disregard of his own life and his willingness to sacrifice it against the civilization of the West.

This readable volume, with its very Oriental charm, will indicate how terrible is the problem confronting those nations which must shatter this threat to the peace of the world.

ELBRIDGE COLBY

THE GREAT CENTURY IN THE AMERICAS, AUSTRALASIA, AND AFRICA. A.D. 1800—A.D. 1914. By Kenneth S. Latourette. Harper and Bros. \$4

NINETEENTH-CENTURY Europe was a religious extrovert. Volume IV of this series began the third phase of intense Christian expansion, that of the last century. Having portrayed the fusion of Christianity's essential universalism and the then current European developments that favored its propagation, Professor Latourette now proceeds to the termini of that missionary effervescence.

Region after region of Latin America, Canada, Southern Africa and Oceania are covered; widely scattered, their great diversity has been unified by the common theme: "the impact of white peoples upon the peoples of primitive cultures." The pattern of development is standard: the heritage from previous European contacts, the obstacles besetting missionary activity, the progress made, the consequences of Christianity's leavening influence. Generally, religion followed the flag—Protestantism with its divisions trailed English, Dutch and American inroads, while Catholicism strengthened its preponderance in areas with a Latin past. The century's liberalism meant "emancipation" with its mixed blessings of revolution, toleration, secularism and social progress, with all of which religious developments were inextricably connected.

Professor Latourette has added another stone to his monumental series on Christian expansion. In this volume, as in its predecessors, are manifested extensive research, complete documentation and detailed bibliography. As the author feared, this volume is, from its very scope and purpose, rather encyclopedic, "a staccato catalog of names and events." Hence its appeal would be limited to historians and students of religion, the latter of whom would certainly add to some of Latourette's conclusions and question his criteria of religious vitality. In a work so replete with factual data, I believe that either an occasional chart or an appendix of compressed statistics would have facilitated comparisons, summarized the chapters and enhanced the whole.

JOSEPH A. ROCK, S.J.

THOMAS WOLFE'S LETTERS TO HIS MOTHER. Edited by her with an introduction by John S. Terry. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3

MR. TERRY, the editor, and Mr. Maxwell Perkins, Wolfe's literary executor, have shown an unusual appreciation of the problems involved in publishing the letters of a distinguished writer. By limiting this volume to those letters written to Mrs. Wolfe, they have brought together a fascinating record of Wolfe's relationship with the person who perhaps influenced his character more than any other individual.

Wolfe's novels and stories were in a sense letters to

the world in which he told again and again of his quest for a father. But these letters are private expressions of his relationship with a mother from whom he never quite freed himself emotionally. They are shot through with fears that he may fail her, protestations of his gratitude for her share in making his career as an artist possible and resentment against "practical" people, which she was above all else. Again and again Wolfe's tragic need of constant love bursts forth as he interrupts a diatribe against Asheville's Babbity to underscore his devotion to his family or as he adolescently accuses a delinquent correspondent of not caring about him or of an unjust reproof. Even at twenty-five, hard upon a proclamation that "he is now a man," he begs Mrs. Wolfe, when he reports the loss of less than \$100, not to "accuse me of undue carelessness."

Hundreds of such personal matters, many referring to his need of money, socks and shirts, fill the letters, the typical things a young man away from home would write. Alongside are all the major themes that have gifted Wolfe above most of his contemporaries: his almost savage claim for the role of the artist in our civilization, intensely moving descriptions of Europe, and many passages reflecting his eternal love affair with America, New York, and North Carolina in particular.

The letters trace in short form his spiritual growth as he chose to express it to his mother. In 1923 he wrote, "... in spite of all the inexorable and undeniable spectacle of universal death, I will fear no evil. Almost I am tempted to say, I will believe in God ..."

Three years later in Brussels he had yielded to temptation, for he confessed, "I am beginning to learn pity for human weakness—I have a compassion for all of the poor blind fumbling. ... We are all to a certain degree, little and weak. ..." It was Wolfe's gift and mission to see with the eyes of a poet what could be wrought from life by the little and the weak and to set it down in prose and poetry worthy of the vision.

JOSEPH SUGARMAN

THE SQUAD GOES OUT. By Robert Greenwood. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$2.50

THIS is the story of an Air Raid Precaution squad in Bermondsey, one of the poorest sections of London, and of the great Blitz of 1940; of Jenny Dadds, who gave up her great chance to be a dancer because she was needed as an ambulance driver; of Chester Browning, an aristocratic young architect who could have retired to the comparative safety of his prospective father-in-law's country estate, but stuck to his post in a poverty-stricken district he had never seen when England was at peace; of Bill Battersby, whose calm acceptance of danger and horror helped his companions to keep their nerve from breaking; of Lawson, the underdog, who lost the little he had and was given a chance to get the new start he had wanted for years, but returned to carry on with the squad; of old Mr. Dadds, the watchmaker, who knew the ultimate value lay "in the self behind the self, in the undying spirit—there alone could man satisfy his deepest aspirations and know that even upon this earth began the immortal life."

Robert Greenwood was himself a member of such a squad, and he writes with sympathy of their difficulties, with admiration of their courage, and with tenderness of their forgetfulness of selfish ambitions when a common danger demands devotion to the general welfare. This is a fine, clean novel about the type of people who made it possible for Winston Churchill to say, "All the world that is still free marvels at the composure and fortitude with which the citizens of London are facing and surmounting the great ordeal." MARY L. DUNN

FLORENCE D. COHALAN teaches history at Cathedral College, New York.

T. C. HENNESSY, teacher at Fordham Preparatory School, is a student of Gaelic life and literature.

JOSEPH A. ROCK is a former professor of history at Georgetown University.

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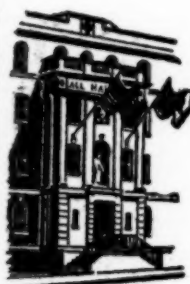
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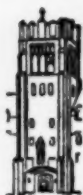
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TWENTY thousand admirers of the late George Gershwin jammed the Lewisohn Stadium on July 6 for the New York Philharmonic's annual memorial to this gifted composer.

After an overture, *Strike Up the Band*, four of his serious works were programed. The first, that rhapsodic ballet in jazz, *An American in Paris*, was played by the orchestra conducted by Alexander Smallens. Gershwin confessed that this composition was his attempted reconciliation between two opposing schools of musical thought. As program music, it tries to convey, in terms of sound, the successive emotional reactions experienced by a Yankee tourist in Paris. The piece, while in strict sonata form, resembles an extended symphonic movement in that it announces, tries, but does not succeed in developing, combines and recapitulates five definite themes.

The first *Walking Theme* depicts an American swinging down the Champs Elysées on a mild morning in May. The second theme introduces four Paris taxi horns into sounds of the city. The second *Walking Theme* is announced by the clarinet. Both themes are now discussed until our tourist happens to notice something. He does not go on. Instead, a fourth theme is revealed by the English horn. He slackens his pace and walks into a church. The third *Walking Theme* finds our American over on the Left Bank. The music is a clever but poorly-put-together idea. The orchestration, which is uneven, sounded worse at this performance, because some of the orchestral instruments did not always play it in tune.

George Gershwin's life was a rhapsody in jazz. He wanted to combine jazz and classical music; to unite the two that he loved. He certainly justified jazz and succeeded in song. Wherever words were concerned—in his opera *Porgy and Bess*, or those immortal songs, *The Man I Love*, *I Got Rhythm*, *Swanee*, *Lady Be Good*, *Embraceable You* or *Clap Your Hands*—nobody ever succeeded quite like George Gershwin. He should have stayed with it, and not attempted the large classical forms. His intentions in executing these musical forms were more noble than competent.

After he wrote the *Rhapsody in Blue* for Paul Whiteman, composers tried to imitate it, but there could be no imitations, as there was only the original. Ravel, Milhaud, Honegger, Stravinsky, Krenek (*Johnny Spielt Auf*) and Aaron Copland later used the jazz idiom in their compositions. Rhapsodies are not difficult formulas if one can think up enough tunes. In Gershwin's there is no power of sustained development, but there is abundant melodic invention, and indefatigable feats of rhythm tied up with a sophisticated background called Tin Pan Alley.

In 1925, Gershwin composed the *Concerto in F* for piano, a loosely-knit work. He was afraid that it would not be taken seriously, but these fears were unnecessary. He played the *Concerto* at Carnegie Hall, accompanied by Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony. As in 1925, so in 1943. Gershwin would have been proud of the bright-hued playing of the Boston pianist, Jesus Maria Sanroma, at this Stadium concert. His readings were clear and brisk in both the *Rhapsody* and the *Concerto*.

Porgy and Bess has turned out to be a more important event than any "novelty" opera that the Metropolitan has produced. Nothing ever happens in—or to—them. Their productions cost a lot of money, and after a few performances—they are stored away. *Porgy* is living on. It has radiance, freshness and strength, as Todd Duncan, Etta Moten, Harriet Jackson and Alma Hubbard proved at the Stadium. Their songs stopped the show.

ANNABEL COMFORT

THEATRE

STARS ON ICE. If you are looking for a cool and delightful summer entertainment that is neither play nor light opera, you will find it in the ice show at the Center Theatre. There, for almost three hours, you can be comfortable on the hottest night while you watch with fascinated interest a combined ice carnival and vaudeville performance given on skates. No visitor to New York should miss this offering, nor should any New Yorker fail to see it at least once a year. It is an institution, and its novelty and charm appeal alike to old and young, to residents and to transient visitors.

This lyric outburst is prompted by the charm of the opening performance of this season's new version of the ice show, arranged by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz, which I attended on one of the hottest nights of this season and where I was extremely cool and intensely interested throughout the performance. Let me add that Catherine Littlefield who staged it, Bruno Maine who made the settings, May Judels who directed the skating, and the Sonart Productions who produced the performance, all deserve a big share of the general credit.

All the performers are on skates, and manage those skates with amazing skill. Even Paul Duke, who last year was thoroughly experienced in magic but rather new to skates, is at home on them this year and doesn't allow them to interfere with his act, as they did occasionally during his first season. His act, by the way, has been one of the best on the program since his original appearance, and he has added a novel touch or two.

We shall all miss Skippy Baxter, who has left the cast to fight for his country, but most of the other headliners of last year are still with us, including Twinkle Watts, Fritz Dietl—who does his skating on stilts—Carol Lynne, James Wright, Geoffrey Stevens, Audrey Peppe, Mary Jane Yeo, James Caesar and Leo Freisinger. Two of the "Four Bruisers" have departed and will not be deeply mourned by me at least, but I miss the charming and graceful girl who acted as hostess when "the pleasure of our company" was requested at a party. There are generous offerings of ballet work on skates, of which the best is the *Jack Frost Reverie* and the *Valse Elegante*, with James Wright filling Skippy Baxter's place as well as that difficult job could be done.

Some favorites of the earlier shows are repeated and warmly welcomed, notably *The Chase*, in which the girl fox does several new and exciting stunts. *Pan Americana* and *Autumn Leaves* are also repeated. The last, with Carol Lynne, is charming enough to put on every year, and I hope the management will realize this. There are some nice waltzes by Corrynne Church and Robert Wright, which I personally could watch for an hour or two. The Three Kilties, in a good skating act, were new to me. So was the excellent Mexican dance by Muriel Pack and James Wright.

James Caesar and Leo Freisinger have taken over the barrel-leaping stunt, and this may add a slight strain to the nerves of spectators in the front rows. The skaters do it admirably, however, besides giving first aid to Miss Lynne when she does her Russian Steppes stunt, which is very effective.

In fact the new program at the Center shows stars and chorus alike on their toes and their skates, all doing their utmost to make the 1943 Summer Carnival the best yet given by the Ice Show. In my opinion they have succeeded.

A note in the Center Theatre program assures us that two million persons witnessed the first edition of *Stars on Ice*. This leaves out almost a million New Yorkers, including Brooklynites, and not counting a few hundred thousand out-of-town visitors. Let's make up for that by encouraging five million persons to see this new version! They will all like it.

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BOMBER'S MOON. Though this feature maneuvers its hero through hair-breadth escapes that are patterned after the serial formula, it manages to be passably diverting. However, a warning to stay away from this one must be issued to cinemagoers who insist on credible plots—there is nothing plausible about this high-powered film of war adventure. George Montgomery is the flyer who accomplishes various missions, ranging from bombing attacks to saving the life of Britain's Prime Minister. Captured by the Nazis after a successful air raid, the American meets up with a Czech officer and a Russian doctor who is none other than the personable Annabella. The three escape from a prison camp during a British attack, and start off across Europe. Their trip is crowded with the unexpected, including a finale where Montgomery arrives in England in a Messerschmitt, but each incredible event brings the hero and heroine nearer to freedom and inevitable romance. Plenty of action has been woven into the production, and may help to make the onlooker forget that suspense is missing. The actors all turn in intelligent performances, and no one should quibble because Annabella does not prove a completely convincing Soviet medico. All the members of the *family* may see this war tale. Whether they like it or not depends on their ability to take a large dose of hokum. (*Twentieth Century-Fox*)

ALASKA HIGHWAY. The hazards and project of pushing through the North to build the great Alcan highway is the chief selling point of this film. Interesting and enlightening information on the work of those builders who made this engineers' dream come true is recorded on many feet of celluloid. This has all been satisfactorily sketched against a far-fetched romantic triangle that paints the woes of two brothers who love the same girl. Richard Arlen and Bill Henry are sons of the construction company's head, and Jean Parker is the girl who refuses to decide between them until the highway is finished. The amorous mix-ups of these three threaten to delay the project's completion, but the smart little charmer plays the boys against each other until the road's success is assured; then one of the brothers settles things to everyone's satisfaction. There is little conviction to the flimsy plot, but the pictorial tale of the Alcan's creation does compensate. Here is another *family* offering that can be classed as passable, no more, no less. (*Paramount*)

COASTAL COMMAND. Tribute is paid to the unsung heroes of the coastal patrol in this British documentary offering. Without undue dramatics and with typical English understatement, a memorable and vivid picture has been assembled showing how this branch of the R.A.F. goes about its arduous watches in the skies. Photographically and dramatically this is superior propaganda, the kind that will thrill *young* and *older* film fans who can properly appreciate unspectacular heroism. (*Paramount-Crown Film*)

FOLLIES GIRL. A hodge-podge plot tells how a theatrical dress designer falls in love with a soldier only to find out that he is the son of the show's wealthy patron and, believe it or not, at first the boy was just trying to save his parent from the influence of this supposed siren. You won't care too much how all this jumble is disentangled, and neither did the producers. It is all used as an excuse to present song-and-dance numbers and some music by currently popular bands. *Grown-ups* who can take the mediocre as screen diet may be interested. Wendy Barrie, Doris Nolan and Gordon Oliver are in the cast. (*Producers Releasing Corp.*)

MARY SHERIDAN

CORRESPONDENCE

KEEP AN EVEN KEEL

EDITOR: After reading the letter of your correspondent, Marie L. Seymour, in the June 26 issue of AMERICA, one could almost conclude that the views of your staff are not only unfair with regard to the employers' side of the labor controversy, but also that your editors had some hidden cause for defending the cause of labor. In fact, one could also conclude that there are not even two sides to the complex question which is the subject of her letter.

It is really amazing how, according to their costly ads in the metropolitan dailies, many corporations have become so interested in mankind. We marvel at their well-advertised loyalty to our beloved country. Their patriotism really shames this shipyard worker who can afford only \$1.95 weekly for the Victory Tax, purchase \$4 in war bonds, and feed and clothe five on the balance of \$44.50.

This writer believes that AMERICA has always given a thoroughly fair picture of capital and labor. He has also worked for large corporations all his life.

The average American working man cannot be called anything but patriotic. Which one of them has not made tremendous sacrifices in giving up his loved ones and his pleasures, and bowed to the fighting of a modern war with little or no grumbling? Thrown out of a lifetime of a way of living, and subject to hazardous working conditions, all he requests is an opportunity to purchase the necessities for supporting his family decently during this trying crisis. Let us all work for unity, realizing that, in spite of our difficulties, it must be admitted that a grand job has been done in producing supplies of war in such a short space of time, thus enabling our armed forces to fight and defeat the enemy in all parts of the world. We still sing "God Bless America," and conclude that it is still the grandest place on earth to live.

Quincy, Mass.

CHARLES L. MURPHY

SKY BLUE HUMILITY

EDITOR: Thomas J. M. Burke has done a magnificent job in clarifying one's experience of the intuition of being with his article, *That Sky is Blue*. It is the very rock of reality to say that this intuition is brought about by the virtue of humility, and Mr. Burke has clearly shown us how to humble ourselves that we may thrill to the realization of mere existence.

Articles like this awaken and brighten the mind because they show us how to delight truly in creation and be ever more grateful to our Creator.

Spokane, Wash.

V. T. MCGINITY

EDITOR: Many thanks to Thomas J. M. Burke for his splendid article. He certainly has been touched with the flame of Chesterton's fire, and did an excellent job of passing it on—a task that our day is in particular need of. However, it raises a point of interest that might stand some attention. The substance of the article seemed to infer that a mind possessed of simplicity and humility and of a conscious awareness of the many-splendored things of our universe would possess in consequence a sort of native and ineradicable joy, the effect of a continuous looking and seeing that the world is good.

It strikes me that this would be possible up to a certain point—the point where man was not allowed to enter the picture. But from there on this formula of humility, simplicity and "realization" hardly holds its

ground. Indeed, man is the god of creation but, as Chesterton qualifies him, he is a broken god.

The mind that has widened its scope so as to be able to see the totality of things senses above all else the fact of the Fall, and the earth only becomes a garden of wonders to the degree that faith and hope are allowed to influence the perspective. The shrieks of Schopenhauer are the logical climax in a soul wherein the reality of sin is not balanced by the conscious reality of the potentialities of man's nature, and faith in the true end to which he has been called.

But certainly there is a formula that will guarantee at least peace on this earth—namely the application of all the virtues, mental and moral. The celestial serenaders of Bethlehem said it all so succinctly when they sang on that lovely night, "*Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis.*"

Toronto, Ontario

JAMES FARRAGHER

LET WHO RIDES READ

EDITOR: Recently a copy of a magazine entitled *Liberty*—*A Magazine of Religious Freedom* came to this office. An article appears entitled "Parochial School Children and Public School Buses in Kentucky."

The article raises a question: Why should the children of parents who pay taxes to support public schools and buses to convey children to the schools be denied the use of the buses for which they pay taxes? Is it just because they recognize what is now becoming a known fact to all true educators, that education divorced from religion and ethical training is reaping a harvest of young people whose sole interest is in self?

If all Catholic and private schools were to close, the taxes which non-Catholics now pay would almost double. And since Catholics pay taxes for the schools and buses, why are they denied the use of the buses just because they prefer to support their own schools as well as the public schools? If they are to be denied the use of the thing they pay taxes for, wouldn't it be fair play to exempt them from the taxes which support the running of these buses? That, it seems to me, would be only logical.

Tucson, Ariz.

ERMA N. SORNERBERG

WINTHROP HELD THAT LINE

EDITOR: Congratulations on the critical but cooperative spirit of AMERICA's editorial on the Government's effort to "hold the line." A passage from the seventeenth-century journal of John Winthrop may be consoling to those hard-shells who think that "price-fixing" dangerously teeters on totalitarianism. Wrote Mr. Winthrop of his fellow Massachusetts Bay colonists:

November, 1633. The scarcity of workmen had caused them to raise their wages to an excessive rate . . . and accordingly those who had commodities . . . advanced their prices sometime double to that they cost in England, so as it grew to a general complaint, which the court, taking knowledge of . . . made an order that the carpenters, masons, etc., should take but two shillings a day . . . and that no commodity should be sold at above four pence in the shilling more than it cost for ready money in England. . . .

And yet, despite this wild radicalism of its founding fathers, New England has somehow managed to survive!

Detroit, Mich.

R. W. MULLIGAN

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What Do You Think Of This?

DEAR SIR:

Sincerely hope that my prolonged silence will not be taken as a mark of being negligent in thanking you for the regular copy of AMERICA, which has arrived on schedule since our landing on Nov. 8. AMERICA is now a veteran of four major battles here in North Africa, and I have found it, as always, interesting, in pup-tent, jeep, fox-holes, amid perils by air and land and under foot. Especially pleasing are the articles by Col. Lanza (pardon—but we are still in the field) and Father Parsons. Most timely and enjoyed by the men who look forward to reading AMERICA are your articles on Russia and postwar problems.

Somehow or other, some of us sense that the sudden collapse of the Axis forces here may be an indication that, once we make the bridgeheads in Europe, the great bulk of the German resistance will be—Herr Goebbels and the radio. They're bluffing a great deal. Naturally, this is a strictly private opinion. I shall be hopeful that you will continue your generosity in sending AMERICA.

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Desk V

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PARADE

THE onrush of events brought into clearer relief the new social scene which has been taking form. . . . One Florida restaurant advertised alligator steak, another promoted shark steak. . . . In New Kensington, Pa., a \$25-a-week stenographer received an income-tax bill for \$10,000,000. . . . A Detroit apartment-house landlord, seeking to get rid of tenants holding leases at low rents, banged on radiators with hammers through one whole night. . . . A Baltimore trolley-car, manned by an all-female crew, was sailing along late at night, when the motorman, Irene, abruptly stopped the car and cried to the conductor: "Gertrude, I'm on the wrong street. What shall I do?" Gertrude volunteered to call the company from the next drug store. As Gertrude stepped into the drug store, a retired transit company employe approached the trolley, advised Irene to back up to the last intersection and then get on the right street. Irene, once more on the right route, moving along speedily, suddenly stopped the trolley, exclaimed: "My heavens, I forgot Gertrude." . . . Robbers staged a night raid on victory gardens at Ramapo, near Suffern, N. Y. One citizen lost his whole pea crop. Others lost substantial quantities of radishes, onions, beans. Another resident, going out to milk his cow, found she had already been milked. . . . In New Jersey, a man, awakened early in the morning, looked out the window, saw an elephant having a vegetable breakfast in his victory garden. . . . The elephant was out strolling from a nearby circus.

Concidences continued occurring. . . . A soldier, author of the book: *How to Get a Commission in the Army, Navy, Marines, Coast Guard and Merchant Marine*, was promoted to the rank of corporal in Florida. . . . In Minnesota, a former convict who for several years has been going around the country lecturing on the subject: "Crime Does Not Pay," was arrested, accused of passing worthless checks. . . . An Illinois weatherman, after predicting: "Fair and Warmer," started for home, was caught in a shower. . . . In Kansas, while a zoo employe was painting the inside of an alligator cage, a woman threw grass in on him. When he turned around, she became confused, apologized: "I'm sorry. You were sort of covered up in there. I thought you were an alligator." . . . In Los Angeles, a man, accused of beating a woman in the darkened corridor of his apartment house, explained to the judge: "I thought she was my wife." . . . Labor conditions seemed unsettled in certain sectors. . . . In Mexico, the Bullfighters' Union called a strike, demanded higher wages for picadors and banderillos. . . . In an Indiana barbershop appears the sign: "Shaves One Dollar." The barber does not like shaving people, hoisted the price to discourage the shave trade. . . . Jury-picking ran into snarls. . . . A New York man being questioned for jury duty in a murder trial said he had no prejudices against capital punishment. Asked what his business was, he replied: "Salesman of tombstones and mausoleums." The judge remarked: "Strike that gentleman's name from the list of special jurors to try murder cases."

New causes for divorce appeared. . . . In Illinois, the lack of a Boston accent broke up a marriage. The wife charged that her inability to develop a Boston accent so irritated her husband, a former Bostonian, that he flew into ungovernable rages and once blackened her eyes. A witness testified in court: "It was because she didn't have a Boston accent. He told her the Westernized speech was not becoming to his wife." . . . When the legalization of divorce was first proposed, the prediction was made that if divorce were permitted for even the gravest reason it would eventually be permitted for any old reason.

JOHN A. TOOMEY

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